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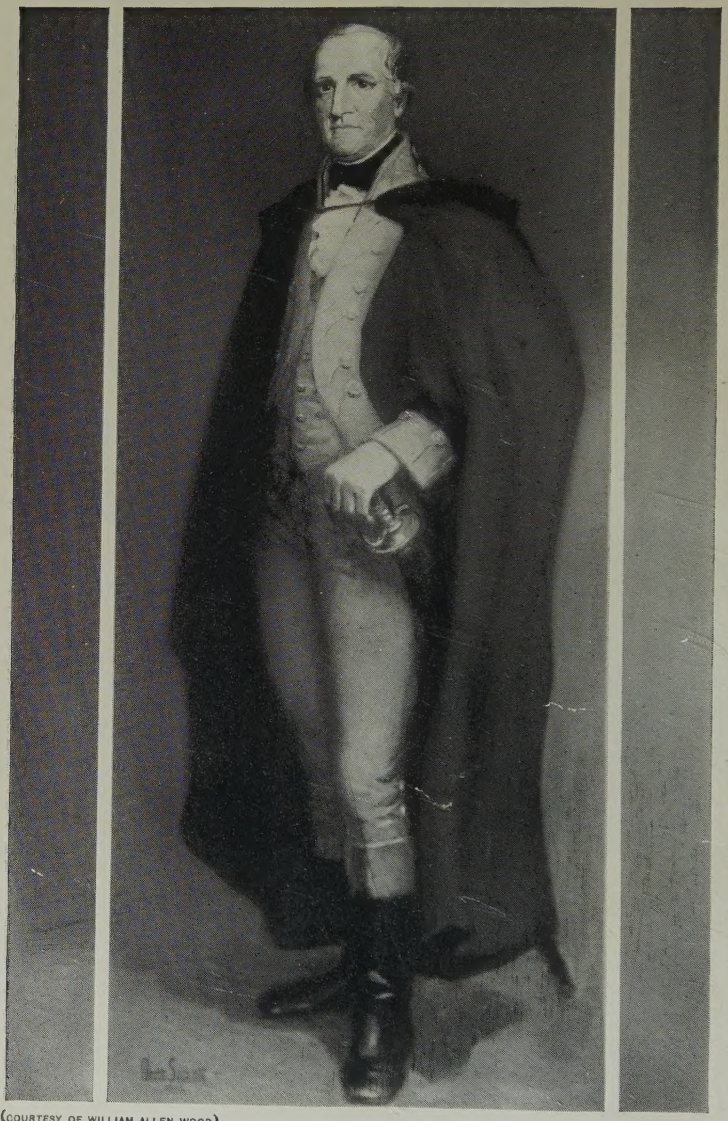
ONCE UPON A TIME IN INDIANA

To The Alabama Society of the Colonial Dames of America

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA

IN THE STATE OF INDIANA



(COURTESY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD)

GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

From the portrait painted by Otto Stark for the Indiana Society of Sons of the Revolution

ONCE UPON A TIME IN INDIANA

EDITED BY CHARITY DYE

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANKLIN BOOTH

Across the world the ceaseless march of man
Has been through smouldering fires, left by the bold,
Who first beyond the guarded outposts ran
And saw with wondering eyes new lands unrolled—
Who built the hut in which the home began,
And round a camp-fire's ashes broke the mold.
—MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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NATIONAL SOCIETY OF COLONIAL DAMES
OF AMERICA
IN THE STATE OF INDIANA

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PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF INDIANA

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We who are older than you and who have received directly from the past a knowledge of the brave old days of Indiana, and know how easily the records of simple heroism and enduring courage may be lost have undertaken to preserve for you a few pictures of the lives of your and our ancestors in this state over a hundred years ago.

We hope that you may sometime, if not now, realize that noble courage and devotion to duty may be shown in other ways besides in deeds of war and adventure, and that you may come to appreciate the high purpose of the brave men and women who have made of the wilderness the sunlit garden of opportunity and happiness which we enjoy.

We earnestly charge you to remember that the early settlers in Indiana, under conditions of great material hardship, far from friends and all inspiring associations, still kept bright

in their homes and families the standards of high thinking, and united with respect for holy things—a reverence for all that is kindly and gracious in home life.

LAURA FLETCHER HODGES,
EVALINE MACFARLANE HOLLIDAY,
KATHARINE MALOTT BROWN,
MARY NEWCOMER WALCOTT,
For the National Society of Colonial Dames of America in the State of Indiana.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

This book is intended to illuminate some aspects of Indiana history to which the people have turned their attention this year of our Statehood Centennial, and to create in the readers a desire to become better acquainted with the forces out of which a great commonwealth has emerged in a hundred years. One of the chief merits claimed for the book is that many of the chapters have been written by persons in different localities and with widely varying interests, thus making it in a measure representative of Indiana.

It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following persons: To Mr. George Cottman, Dr. Logan Esary and Mr. Harlow Lindley for help and advice; to Miss Martha S. Allerdice for the chapter, "French Missionaries and Explorers"; to Miss Grace E. Davis for the chapters, "The Legend of an Old Indian Orchard" and "What Francis Vigo Did"; to Miss Martha E. Howes for

"What Was to Be Indiana"; to Mrs. Marcia Wilson for "The Constitutional Elm"; to Mr. William Allen Wood for "George Rogers Clark"; to Mr. Albert Kleber for "Pierre Gibault," and to Dr. Ernest V. Shockley for the "Map of Indiana in 1820."

An especial debt is due to Miss Frances Morrison for help and for the verses written by her for this book. All articles not otherwise accredited were written by the editor.

CHARITY DYE.

Indianapolis, June 1, 1916.

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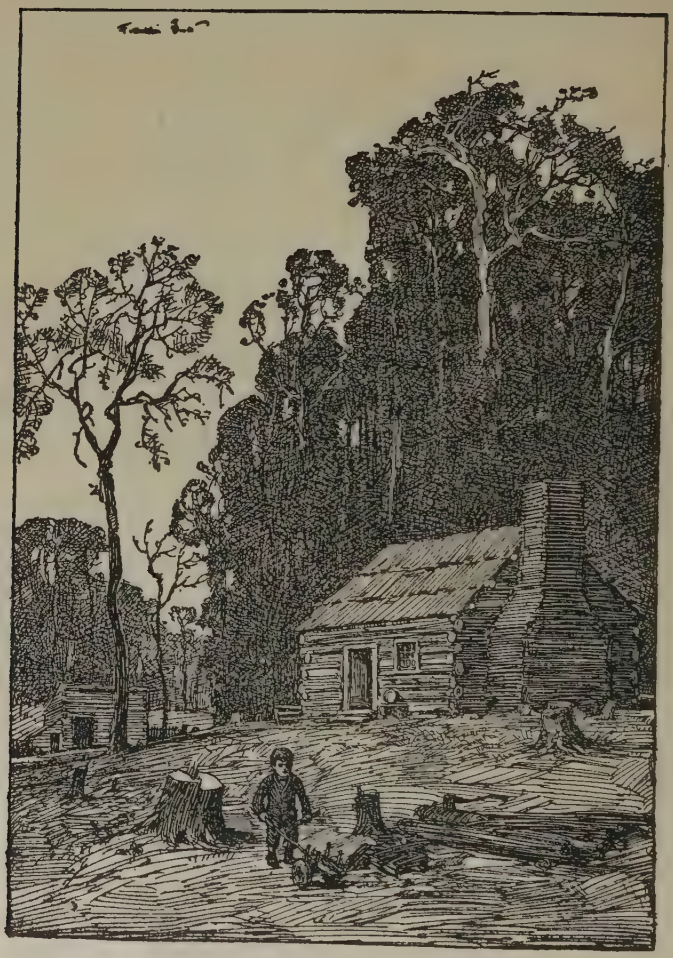
INVOCATION

FRANCES MORRISON

Little links with Yesterday,
Tales of Long Ago,
You are humble in your way,
But small beginnings grow.
Indiana must give heed
To her treasure store;
You may be the magic key
To a long-locked door.
Yours may be a birthday gift
Greater than you know:
Give her back her very own,
Tales of Long Ago!
Give her back her Yesterdays,
Tales of Long Ago!

WHAT WAS TO BE INDIANA
NATURE'S STORY



ONCE UPON A TIME IN INDIANA

ONCE UPON A TIME IN INDIANA

INTRODUCTORY

CHILDREN, there is a very wonderful old story-book; it is so large and so great that even though one lived a thousand years, he could not read its every page. It contains marvelous pictures and its stories are told by the trees and flowers, the animals and birds, the rocks and hills and meadows and even by the black glossy coal that lies buried under the soil.

You must have guessed by this time that we are speaking of the Book of Nature which tells us something of what we now call Indiana, when it was a part of the vast region north of the Ohio River at a time when there was nothing to be seen except sea and sky; there was no sign of life anywhere. After a very long time strange animals that we call fishes, though

they were very unlike the fish that to-day dart about in the calm waters of the White River or swim so gracefully in the splashy current of the Wabash, came to make their home in the deep sea under which our future Indiana lay. During the long ages when this soil on which we live was making ready for us, countless numbers of these animals lived and died, leaving their bones upon the floor of the sea. You will now have to shut your eyes and try to think of the long centuries of time that passed until Indiana "drenched and dripping" appeared beneath a friendly sky. . . .

Then the sun and the wind, the rain and the soil worked together and soon clothed the land in living green. Vegetation grew to a great height in the marshes; the wind moaned and sighed through the branches of the splendid trees, but no bird song was heard in them. No wild life could live there save the snakes and frogs and insects such as find their food in the marshes and foggy fenland. Again centuries passed and again the sea swept over the land, burying the monarch trees beneath its waters and leaving no signs of life anywhere. This

happened many times, during which wonderful changes were taking place. The shrubs, the trees, the ferns and all vegetation were being changed into coal—the very coal that now keeps us snug and warm against the winter's blast. Perhaps you know the story of *The Petrified Fern*, and maybe you, yourself, have found the imprint of some dainty plant upon the coal telling its own story of the far-off time.

After Indiana had risen from the sea for the last time and strange animals and wonderful plants were everywhere to be seen, a more marvelous thing than had yet happened, was to take place. The warm climate in which these plants and animals lived gradually became colder and colder till a great ice river from the North covered the state as the sea had covered it before. This glacier reached almost to the Ohio River; it scooped out valleys, leveled hills, ground stones to powder, tore up trees by the roots and carried in its mighty ice arms giant boulders, which to-day bear witness of its conquering course; whenever you see one of these granite boulders made smooth by the grinding of the ice mountain or river, you can be sure

the glacier carried it there. The animals and plants that flourished here at the time the great ice river came down were destroyed or driven southward ahead of it. . . .

Luckily the mood of Nature changed or there would be no Indiana Centennial to celebrate in 1916. Balmy winds began to blow and the struggle between the ice and the sun commenced and continued till the ice melted away, leaving many scars that told how the ponderous glacier had furrowed the face of our state. The animals driven away by the ice gradually returned and the seeds of plants were carried back by the birds and the winds, and in time Indiana came to look as the pioneers found it many years later, with its fertile valleys, dense forests and winding streams. Beautiful birds rejoiced in the trees, fish swam in the streams and other animals, such as the wild horse, the sloth, the wild hog and the beaver, lived here. It is said that the deer, the bear, the bison, besides many of our smaller animals, such as the fox, the lynx and the wild cat, came later. Among the animals that lived here in an earlier time, we must not forget the

mammoth and the mastodon. These great creatures looked something like the elephant though they were much larger. The mammoth was clothed so that he could live in a cold country, for he was covered with wool and long coarse hair. Many people believe that these monster animals lost their lives by miring in the muddy swamp lands, for their skeletons have been dug up on many farms in Indiana.

And thus it is that we read the stories that Nature has told us of the beautiful Indiana, in which we live to-day, before it was known to man.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES AND EXPLORERS

CAME LA SALLE, THE FRENCH EXPLORER!

If you have ever canoed silently down an Indiana stream, and listened to the mysterious forest voices on either side, you know what it means to forget the present, and to find yourself suddenly in the past of over two centuries ago, when Indiana had neither name nor boundary, but was only a part of the great stretch of territory claimed by France and as yet unexplored by her.

Through such a thickly wooded region as may still be found in Indiana, along just such

a stream as you yourself have descended, came La Salle, the French explorer, in the year 1669. He and his little company of fourteen men filled four frail canoes, which had brought them safely all the way from Montreal and were now turned toward the Ohio. It was a new and strange adventure for the gay young Frenchman, but an adventure which suited his courage and steadfast purpose.

Three years before, La Salle had come to Montreal from his native town, Rouen. In this town on the River Seine, he had spent his boyhood and had dreamed of becoming an explorer and of some day discovering for his country a new passage to the South Sea. His ambition never wavered, and when, in 1666, he came to Canada, to join an older brother, his thoughts were upon the unexplored regions of the new country, whose riches he meant to discover and develop.

His first step was to master as many of the Indian languages as possible. Since he was to travel through the red men's country, he wished to make them his friends and guides. Indian visitors to Montreal did become his

friends, and told him stories of their forests and streams. Some of them told him of a great river called the Ohio, which they said flowed into the sea. La Salle thought that the sea must be the Gulf of California, and that the Ohio was the long dreamed of passage to China. He determined to begin his explorations at once, and as soon as he gained the consent of the Canadian governor, he fitted out his little expedition. Two Jesuits, priests who had been planning the same journey, joined their company of seven men to La Salle's. One of the priests, Galinee, kept a journal in which we may read such passages as this: "After paddling or carrying the canoes all day, you find mother earth ready to receive your wearied body. If the weather is fair, you make a fire and lie down to sleep without further trouble; but if it rains, you must peel bark from the trees, and make a shed by laying it on a frame of sticks. As for your food, it is enough to make you burn all the cookery books that were ever written. The ordinary food is Indian corn—turkey wheat, as they call it in France; it is crushed between two stones and boiled, sea-

soned with meat or fish, when you can get them."

After a month's journey, the explorers entered Lake Ontario, which seemed to them "like a great sea, with no land beyond it." They left the lake soon and traveled inland till they reached one of the Seneca Indian villages. They spent a month with this tribe, hoping to get guides who would direct them to the Ohio. They could not win the confidence of the Indians, however, and so returned to Lake Ontario. In their canoes they followed the southern coast of the lake to its westernmost point, where they found a Sioux village, Otinawatana. Here they ransomed an Indian prisoner, who promised in return, to guide them to the Ohio. Here, too, they met two young Frenchmen who were returning from an exploring expedition to the copper mines of Lake Superior. One of them, Louis Joliet, was four years later to discover and explore the upper Mississippi. He told La Salle and the priests of the numerous Indian tribes near Lake Superior, and of their savage and

destitute lives. His story so influenced the priests that they resolved to change their course and go as missionaries to the Lake Superior tribes. They tried to persuade La Salle to join them; but he was bent upon discovery, and taking the Indian guide, he and his men turned southward. Galinee's journal no longer followed the adventures of La Salle, and we know few of the details of his journey from this point on.

We do know, however, that he left the lake again, and portaged to one of the branches of the Ohio, and descended this stream to the Ohio itself. Once on the waters of this great river, La Salle felt that his goal was in sight. The canoes were directed toward the mouth of the river, and were soon following what is now the southern boundary of Indiana.

When La Salle reached the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville is now situated, his men, terrified at the thought of the distance over which they had already come, and of the distance which must still stretch between them and the Gulf of California, refused to go

farther. Unable to continue by himself, La Salle was forced to give up his dream and to return to Montreal.

He could not forget the wonderful new lands, which he thought far surpassed Canada in fertility and climate. He longed to add them to the dominion of France. When the voyage of Marquette and Joliet revealed the fact that the Ohio was the branch of a greater river which flowed south instead of west, La Salle made new plans. He determined to follow the new river to its mouth, to build a fort there, and to control the trade of its great basin, in the name of France. He inspired Frontenac, the governor of Canada, with his own enthusiasm, and even gained a grant from the king which entitled him to the command of a fort which he was to build on Lake Ontario, as a guard against the advance of the Iroquois.

It was not until December third of the year 1680 that La Salle again reached the region which is now Indiana. With eight canoes and thirty-three men, he entered the St. Joseph River from Lake Michigan. One of the company was an Italian officer, the heroic De

Tonty, who had lost a hand in the Sicilian wars. La Salle, writing about him, says: "Perhaps you would not have thought him capable of doing things for which a strong constitution, an acquaintance with the country, and the use of both hands seemed absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, his energy and address made him equal to anything." The story of Tonty's loyalty to La Salle, and of his heroic life is too long to tell here, but you may read of his wonderful adventures in Parkman's *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.* There, too, you may read of Louis Hennepin, the Franciscan friar, who was another of La Salle's companions upon this expedition. Hennepin, too, had been an adventurer from boyhood. He tells of his training at a convent at Artois, and of how he loved to be sent to the fishing station at Calais to beg alms. "I hid myself," he says, "behind the tavern doors, while the sailors were telling of their voyages. The tobacco smoke made me sick at the stomach, nevertheless I listened very attentively to all they said about their adventures at sea, and their travels in distant countries. I could have

passed whole days and nights in this way without eating." This was the boy who in after years became the cheery, courageous missionary of La Salle's expedition. There were two other friars in the party; one of them, Father Gabriel, was sixty years old.

When the party reached the portage place, where the city of South Bend is now situated, the Indian guide who was to show them the path between the St. Joseph and the head stream of the Illinois was not with the party. He had gone off in search of provisions. La Salle was eager to push on, and too impatient to wait for the guide's return, left the others and went in search of the path himself. He lost his way in the Indiana woods, and was separated from his companions all night. He slept in a deserted Indian bed of grass, and in the morning found his way back to his anxious company. With the aid of the guide they continued their journey. The five-mile portage path—the Kankakee River—the Illinois—the Mississippi—these were the stages of La Salle's voyage in 1680. Though his plans for conquest and for the glory of France met defeat

again and again, he and his company opened the trail for others. They were the explorers and discoverers of that great unknown territory south of the Great Lakes.

The two voyages of La Salle were ten years apart, and during that time other white men came into the country south of the Lakes. The most famous of these were Marquette and Joliet, who discovered the upper Mississippi, coming by way of Lake Michigan and the Illinois River.

Marquette was a priest; Joliet was a fur-trader and explorer. Both had received their early training in the society of the Jesuits. Joliet's love of adventure and his trading instinct soon led him away from the priesthood. Marquette, on the other hand, resolved to be a missionary among the savages of the New World. Myron Reed says this of him: "Marquette was called, not like David, from keeping sheep to be chieftain, prince, and king, but to go down among wolves, to go armed with a crucifix to men who despised mercy. He knew the task before him. The experiment of carrying the gospel to the savages of Canada had

already been tried. Nine of the twenty-two missionaries had met death by torture."

Marquette's destiny was a happy one in comparison with the fate of his forerunners. Though he was to spend only nine years in the New World, he was to win, during that short time, the affection and devotion of tribe after tribe of Indians. In the very last month of his life, in spite of the fatal disease which was sapping his strength, he was to achieve one of his cherished ambitions—the founding of a mission in the large Indian town, Kaskaskia. He was to die peacefully, in the company of two devoted comrades. He was to be mourned by the Indians, who regarded his grave as sacred, and thought that a handful of earth plucked from it had healing power.

Marquette's life among the savages began in 1673, when we find him at the mission of St. Esprit, at the westernmost point of Lake Superior. Driven from this mission by the Sioux, he goes to Michilimackinac, where he builds and guards a mission house and chapel, and begins work again. Word is brought to him by strange Indians of a great river, and

of savages along its shores, who have never seen a priest. Marquette longs to go among them. One day a trader, Joliet by name, appears at the mission, bearing a message from the governor. The message orders Marquette to join Joliet's exploring expedition to the great river. Pere Marquette believes this to be an answer to his prayer.

In two birch canoes, and accompanied by five men, they begin the long voyage down Lake Michigan to Green Bay, along the Fox River to Lake Winnebago, across a portage path of a mile and a half to the Wisconsin River, and on to the Mississippi. Parkman tells of the journey down the Mississippi; how the buffalo appeared on the great prairies along the river; how they passed Indian Manitous, hideously painted on tall rocks projecting from the river banks; how they stopped now and then among Indian tribes, that Marquette might teach them, and baptize the babies; how they made at last a strange discovery, and turned back to bear the news that the Mississippi flowed not west, as they had believed, but south.

Marquette's thoughts, however, were not on the voyage of discovery, but with the savages along the shores of the great river and its branches. The largest Indian village they had found was on the Illinois River, and he resolved to found a mission here. After his return with Joliet to Green Bay, he was not content until he was again bound southward. He was ill and unable to travel, but he held steadfastly to his purpose till he reached the village. He founded his mission, called together a great assemblage of Indians, and instructed them in the new religion. When he left them, to return to Michilimackinac he was escorted as far as Lake Michigan by a great crowd of Indians. He died before he could reach the home mission, and was buried where the town of Marquette afterward stood. "In the winter of 1676," says Parkman, "a party of Kiskakon Ottawas were hunting on Lake Michigan; and when, in the following spring, they prepared to return home, they bethought them, in accordance with an Indian custom, of taking with them the bones of Marquette, who had been their instructor at the mission of

St. Esprit. They repaired to the spot, found the grave, opened it, washed and dried the bones and placed them carefully in a box of birch bark. Then, in a procession of thirty canoes, they bore it, singing their funeral songs, to St. Ignace of Michilimackinac. As they approached, priests, Indians and traders all thronged to the shore. The relics of Marquette were received with solemn ceremony, and buried beneath the floor of the little chapel of the mission."

After the voyages of Marquette and Hennepin, other priests followed the streams of Indiana and Illinois. Many of them grew old and died at their mission posts among the Indians. For a long time they were the only civilizing force. The missionary was not only priest, but doctor, nurse and teacher. In return, many of them received only torture and death at the hands of the Indians, but we have no record of a priest who did not meet death, and greater tests than death, heroically.

THE MOUND BUILDERS AND THE INDIANS

TECUMSEH

THE first people who lived here, the Mound Builders, are shrouded in mystery as to who they were, where they came from, how they lived, where they went, what language they spoke and what they believed in.

Should you go hunting or fishing in the southern part of our state along the Ohio, or westward to the Wabash or perhaps up the White River and along some of the little creeks that flow into it, you would wonder at the beauty of the scenery and would, no doubt,

climb the high river bluffs and look over the fertile valley that stretches away as far as the eye can see. While you stand there it may be true that the ground under your feet was not placed there by nature, but by the hand of man, by the Mound Builders, the first inhabitants of our soil. The great mounds left by them are found all over Indiana, but are more numerous in the southern part, along the streams. These mounds are now so overgrown with trees and so worn down with rain that one might never guess what they are. The farmers, too, have cut them down in planting crops on them. All we know of them we have to reason out from the only evidence left behind them, that is in their works. Since in many mounds the implements left are made of the same kind of stone found no farther north than Tennessee, many persons believe that the Mound Builders must have passed through that region. It is believed, too, that they must have worshiped the sun, because so many of their mounds faced the east, the land of the rising sun. Weapons of warfare bear witness that, though they were an agricultural people, they practised the arts

of war or defense. That they were domestic is proved in the household utensils found in their mounds.

Most of the mounds are built of earth, but there are some made of stone. The general shape of the mounds was that of a cone, but some were built in the shape of animals, such as the elephant mound in Ohio and the squirrel mound in Indiana.

The placing of the mounds along streams and on high points indicates that they loved the water in going from place to place and they were thought to be great canoe men, and that they wished to be where they could look out for the approach of an enemy. From the numbers of these mounds and the remains found in them, we are led to believe that they were a numerous people living here ages ago and looking out upon the beautiful Indiana country with much the same affection that we do to-day, and spending their lives in a simple beautiful faith that went out with them when they were overcome by the warlike Indians.

As the Mound Builders are remembered by the earthen works they left behind them, the

Indian has for his memorials the imperishable names which he gave to the streams and places over our state. Long after the passing of the last person who has any recollection of the Indian within our borders, these musical names will be spoken and their charm will carry its influence whether consciously or not. The names Miami, Ohio, Kankakee, Mississinewa, Meshingomeshia, Ontario, Wabash, Wawasee, Winona and many others will ever take us back to the children of the forest who roamed over our state as their own hunting-ground and their own home, not dreaming that there would ever be a time when they would have to leave it unwillingly.

The Indian character in its savage state had many of the lasting traits which we admire. Bravery had the highest place in their code of honor and they endured torture and death without a murmur. They kept their promises, obeyed their chiefs, had faith in the Great Spirit, who entered into their ceremonies of the peace pipe and the council fire. They loved freedom and hated restraint. They had in many cases a high sense of justice. Their very

cruelties showed that they themselves would go through the same if it came to them.

They trained their young braves to bear hardships; the long fast and the vigil developed a self-control and self-reliance, which gave them a strength that was marvelous. They adopted the orphan children of their tribes and loved their kind.

The Indian that the pioneers of Indiana found when they came was largely what the white man had made him. The pioneers found no outstretched Indian hands nor greeting of "Welcome, Englishmen," such as had been given to settlers in the early history of our country. The Indian looked upon the pioneer as an invader upon his rights and was suspicious of him from the start. The treaties made with the Indians upon our soil had been to get from him his land for some money and many trinkets and an exaction from him to leave the territory at a certain time and remove to the far West. The white man had introduced him to firearms and whisky which the Indian used to his hurt. In the light of these facts, can it

be wondered that he did what his savage nature could conceive to keep for himself and his posterity what was his by a right he must vindicate?

In spite of the memories of the Pigeon Roost massacre, of the murders of the white women and children, of the midnight attack and the burning of so many homes, of the ever-present danger from the tomahawk lurking behind almost every tree along the roadside, and of the sickening treatment of the dead and the prisoners in battle, there is still an awful pathos in the Indian death struggle for his land, his home and his country as he understood it.

There are many examples of Indian faithfulness to the white man, and many Indians proved trusty guides and helpers in the wars. Some of them remained on Indiana soil on the white man's terms after the great removals west took place. These were almost always attended by sorrow. We read how they were hurried off and their homes destroyed; of the sullen silence of the braves and the suffering of the aged women and children, many

of whom sickened and died on the way. These accounts do not make us proud; but rather ashamed.

The Miamis and the Delaware were the main tribes occupying Indiana, and your histories will tell you of the branch tribes and where they lived. The Miamis claim to have come first and say they do not know of a time when they were not here.

Two of the most noted Indians having to do with the history of Indiana are the Little Turtle, the Miami chief, and Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief. The name of the first is inseparably linked with that of Anthony Wayne and of the second with the name of William Henry Harrison.

Little Turtle's estimate of Anthony Wayne at the council on the night before the battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, tells us much of both men. Little Turtle strongly advised acceptance of the treaty offered by Wayne, and said: "We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders; we can not expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps;

the night and the day are alike to him, and during all the time that he has been marching on our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers to me, 'It would be prudent to listen to his offer of peace.' " The next day the Indians met the defeat that Little Turtle feared. After this victory Wayne is referred to as "The Lion-hearted Wayne," who opened "the glorious gate of the Ohio to the tide of civilization so long shut off from its hills and valleys." Wayne's victories were the natural outcome of his character; he was one of the most perfect drill-masters in the Revolution and never spared time nor labor to make himself and his men ready for any emergency that might arise. He built forts, had roads made, covered up his plans from the enemy, and above all, communicated his own intrepid spirit to the men under him.

The Indian defeat at Fallen Timbers led directly to the treaty between Little Turtle and Anthony Wayne at Greenville, in Northwest Ohio, the next year, in 1795. Did you

ever think what a solemn thing an Indian treaty or council was, and of the ceremonies and the time it took to complete it? This treaty at Greenville was one of that kind, and it lasted from the middle of June till the first week in August.

On June sixteenth, Anthony Wayne first passed round the calumet to the chiefs who were then there, saying, "I have this day kindled the council fire of the United States. . . . I now deliver to each tribe a present of a string of white wampum to serve as a record of the friendship that is this day commenced between us." As the distance was long from their homes on the Wabash and the Miami, and the Great Lakes, the tribes continued to assemble till eleven hundred warriors, representing nine nations with their chiefs, had gathered. Among them were their great men—scions of many a proud and noted tribe—many who had fought the white man in battles before the one at Fallen Timbers. It was over a month before Wayne addressed the full council, which he did on the twenty-first of July. The next day the Little Turtle spoke. As

the vanquished warrior stepped before the audience with great dignity, we can easily imagine his feeling as he looked into their faces. It was a picturesque sight; on one hand there were hundreds of warriors, hardened by fights, all now eager to hear what their valiant chief would say. On the other hand there were before him the victorious chief, General Anthony Wayne, and the young aid, William Henry Harrison, who was to be the hero of Tippecanoe in 1811 and later to sit in "Washington's chair," besides a mixed company of officers, interpreters and spies who were there to aid in carrying on the business of the treaty.

Little Turtle said in part: "General Wayne! I hope you will pay attention to what I now say to you. I wish to inform you where my younger brothers, the Miamis, live, and also the Pottawattomies of the St. Joseph, together with the Wabash Indians. You have pointed out the boundary line between the Indians and the United States; but I now take the liberty to inform you that that line cuts off from the Indians a large portion of country which has been enjoyed by my forefathers, time imme-

morial, without molestation or dispute. The prints of my ancestors' houses are everywhere to be seen in this portion. . . . It is well known that my forefather kindled the first fire at Detroit; from thence he extended the line to the head waters of the Scioto; from thence to the mouth of the Wabash, and from thence to Chicago on Lake Michigan. At this place I first saw my elder brothers, the Shawnees. I have now informed you of the boundaries of the Miami nation, where the Great Spirit placed my forefather a long time ago, and charged him not to sell or part with his lands, but to preserve them for his posterity. This charge has been handed down to me. . . . Now, elder brother, your younger brothers, the Miamis, have pointed out to you their country and also to your brothers present. When I hear proposals on this subject, I will be ready to answer. I came with an expectation of hearing you say good things, but I have not yet heard what I expected."

At the close of the speech by the Little Turtle, a Wyandotte, Tar-he, arose and said that peace was now desired by all. After two days

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for further discussion, General Wayne, on the twenty-second, made a most convincing speech in which he went over the entire ground; he explained the situation, reviewed past treaties, appealed for peace and gave the terms of the treaty in hand. The tribes took three weeks more to discuss the treaty further. After that, various wampum belts, some of them containing a thousand beads, were passed to the tribes. The treaty was then signed by some ninety chiefs for the Indians, and by Anthony Wayne, representing the United States government. It is said to be a great tribute to Anthony Wayne that no chief or warrior who gave him the hand at Greenville ever after lifted the hatchet against the United States.

The Little Turtle spent his remaining days trying to uplift his people; he died in 1812, and was buried on the banks of the St. Joseph, above Fort Wayne, with military honors. His name is now revered as a man who served his race and his time. General Wayne died the year after the great treaty. He was away from home at the time and among the chief mourners for him was Mary Vining, of Delaware, who

was to become his bride in the following January. The news of Wayne's death reached her on New Year's Day. She put on mourning, and the beautiful set of India china, Wayne's wedding gift for the newly fitted out ancestral home in which they were to live, was never used. The story of Mary Vining and Anthony Wayne is to-day told to the children of Delaware.

As Little Turtle, the Miami chief, is known as a great warrior and a great man, Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, is distinguished as a great statesman. He spent a large part of his life in urging that the Indians either in single tribes or in groups, had no right to cede away their land without the consent of all. He came on this mission before General Harrison at Vincennes on August 12th, 1810. He brought with him a band of seventy-five warriors and this council, like the one at Greenville, took time for its completion. For several days there were interviews between him and Governor Harrison before Tecumseh made his famous speech. He did not have before him such a company as the Little Turtle had had at Green-

ville, nor did he speak in the wake of a great defeat; but his cause was none the less urgent than that of the Miami, and the attendant circumstances were very picturesque.

When you go to the famous old town of Vincennes to-day, they take you to the yard of the Harrison mansion, which is still standing in good condition, and say, "Here is the place where Tecumseh appeared before Governor William Henry Harrison, eleven years after the American flag had been raised by George Rogers Clark over Vincennes." You look up and down the Wabash and can easily imagine it gay with the canoes of Tecumseh's seventy-five warriors.

Tecumseh said in part:

"It is true that I am a Shawnee. My forefathers were warriors. Their son is a warrior. From them I take only my existence; from my tribe I take nothing. I am the maker of my own fortunes; and oh! that I could make that of my red people, and of my country, as great as the conception of my mind, when I think of the Spirit that rules the universe. I would

not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty and to obliterate the landmark; but I would say to him: 'Sir, you have liberty to return to your own country.'

"The being within, communicating with past ages, tells me that once, nor till lately, there was no white man on this continent; that till then it all belonged to the red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit that made them, to keep it . . . and to fill it with the same race, once a happy race, since made miserable by the white people, who are never contented but always encroaching. The way, and the only way, to check and to stop this evil is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land as it was at first and should be yet; for it never was divided. . . .

"The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians, because they had it first, it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all is not valid. The late sale is bad. It was made by a part only. . . . It requires all to make a bargain for all. All red men have equal rights to the un-

occupied land. The right of occupancy is as good in one place as another. There can not be two occupations in the same place. The first excludes all others."

He told Harrison that the red people were being continually driven till they would at last have to go into the great lake where they could neither stand nor work. The speech of Governor Harrison in reply was interrupted by Tecumseh and a break was threatened, but the next day Tecumseh apologized and matters were settled. After this Tecumseh went south trying to unite his people in taking the stand for which he had contended; while he was away his brother, The Prophet, and his forces were defeated by Harrison at Tippecanoe, and Tecumseh afterward joined the British and fell in the battle of the Thames, fighting for them in 1813.

"All that a man can give, he gave—
His life—the country of his sires
From the oppressor's grasp to save—
In vain—quenched are his nation's fires."

—Charles A. Jones.

Governor Harrison was at this time in the zenith of his power and was yet to add a long list of services to the United States.

THE LEGEND OF AN OLD INDIAN ORCHARD

STRANGELY DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS

THE INDIAN ORCHARD

On a hill down by the river,
  All the Red Men knew,
Souls are sleeping on the hillside,
  Where an orchard grew.
And its fruit was fair to look on,
  But no Red Man bent a bough,
Honoring the hands that planted,
  "Should her spirit hunger now?"
"No, my children, seek ye further!"
  Every Red Man said,
"For the orchard groweth harvests
  For the spirits of the dead."

On a hill down by the river,
Every river man will show
Stumps of trees were once an orchard
Long, long ago,
Tell of fruit the Red Man guarded
For a foolish rite;
But no spirit walks the hillside
In the silence of the night.
For the Red Man's sun is sinking,
And his hunting days are fled,
And no Pale Face groweth harvests
For the spirits of the dead.

—*Frances Morrison,* 1915.

On a knoll overlooking the Wabash, there was once a village of Delaware Indians. Among the maidens of the village was one strangely different from the others, for her skin was pale, her eyes blue and her hair was fair and waving. She lived in the wigwam of the old chief, whom she called father, but she knew she was not of his people, for she could remember other palefaces and a home by the side of another river. The chief had saved her from tomahawk and flames when her mother's cabin was burned by the Indians, and carried her to his own home and brought her up, loving her as his own daughter.

One evening in the fall of the year a young warrior of the Shawnees decked out in all his Indian finery, armed with well-tried weapons, stood on the bluff to the east of the river. He looked over the level country, later called the Fort Harrison Prairie, to the river with its fringe of forest. His quick eye caught sight of smoke rising from among the trees and soon he stood at the chief's own doorway. The old chief, enraged at the sudden appearance of a hated Shawnee, sprang for his tomahawk, his knife and his bow, raising the alarm by his war whoop. The stranger fitted an arrow to string and waited as the chief approached, his ax lifted to strike. But Lena, the fair-haired maiden, caught his arm and begged him to learn the warrior's errand.

"My father," she cried, "touch not the stranger; he but asks food and shelter. Did a Delaware ever refuse either? Did a Delaware ever drive a stranger from his door?"

The old chief heeded her words and bade the stranger welcome.

The young brave said he was Nemo, messenger from the great chief; that the chiefs and

warriors of the Delawares, the Shawnees and the Senecas had met the paleface Boquet, come with many warriors from beyond the mountains. They had held a great council and smoked the calumet, but Boquet would not accept their promise of lasting peace until they returned to him all their paleface prisoners. Nemo showed the old chief a string of wampum shells so he might read for himself. Some showed a paleface walking toward the rising sun. Another bore the likeness of the great chief, while yet another pictured the young Shawnee brave leading the paleface toward the East.

Lena heard Nemo deliver his message, but she was surprised when the old chief looked at her and wept. When she asked the reason for his grief he told her how he had loved her since first he took her in his arms. How he had hoped she would be his comfort in the old age so fast creeping upon him. Now she must go from him to another father. Some day she would return, but he would not be there to greet her.

She declared she would not leave him, but the old chief knew they dare not disobey the

summons and bade her go with Nemo back to her own people. So she took sorrowful leave of her Indian friends and followed the stranger toward the East. As they journeyed captives were brought to join them, until ten men, women and children followed their leader in single file.

It was spring before they reached their destination and all the way Nemo had protected Lena from storm and cold and wild beasts. They loved each other dearly, and Nemo vowed he would return to claim her for his bride. She was taken to her old home on the Susquehannah, and brothers and sisters tried to win her back to their way of life; but she longed for her home on the Wabash and for her Indian lover.

When the leaves began to fall and she had nearly given up hope, Nemo appeared one day to claim her. Marriage between whites and Indians was prohibited in Pennsylvania, and her kindred called upon the law to hold her. So Lena slipped away while her brothers slept and together she and Nemo took the trail back to her old home. Of the food her people had

given her, the fruit of the apple had pleased her most and she did not forget to carry some apples with her in her flight. Many dangers beset their way; once three Miami warriors attacked them. But love gave Nemo strength, and when the battle was over three scalps hung from his belt to show his prowess.

At last they reached the old home. Nothing was left of the village save a few blackened ruins—the chief and all his people had been swept away. Nemo and Lena built a framework of poles and covered it with bark. Nemo's bow furnished them with food and they made a home by the side of the river. Lena had saved the seeds of the apples she had carried away with her. These she planted on the sunny slope of the hill and tended them with care.

By and by a fair-haired boy came to them and they were very happy. Seven summers had passed, when, one day, Nemo heard a sound at first like the chirp of a bird, then the growl of a wolf and last the howl of a panther, and he saw five warriors approaching up the river. When he saw that they were Miamis he knew his time had come. He fought bravely

and sent three warriors on before him. Finally he was killed and Lena, throwing her boy into the arms of an Indian, buried Nemo's scalping knife into her breast.

The boy grew to manhood among the Miamis, but when he learned he was a Shawnee he joined his own tribe and was in the battle of Tippecanoe. He died fighting by the side of Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames.

The apple trees planted by Lena grew and bore fruit for many years. The Indians never ate the fruit, leaving it for the spirits whom they believed to be hovering near. The Indian maidens covered the graves with flowers when they passed by, for all knew the story of Nemo and his fair-haired Lena. When the white settlers came, the orchard was still on the hill crest and they chose the spot for their first burying-ground. To-day the trees are long since gone and only a few broken headstones remain to mark the spot. The city of Terre Haute has grown up about it, a railroad bridge spans the river just above it, but the place is still known as the Old Indian Orchard and the boatmen and fishermen along the river front will readily guide you to the spot.

EARLY TRAILS AND TRACES

THE EARLY TRAILS AND TRACES

TRAILS

Marching, marching, marching,
  Since Life itself began,
Passes the ancient pageant,
  The Pageant of Beast and Man.

Millions on millions following,
  Giving each life to the Whole,
Following on because they must,
  On to a hidden goal;

Out of the Darkness coming,
Face to a distant morn,
We, who live, are the Builders,
And build for the great Unborn.

Beast and Pagan and Christian
Builded and life was the cost;
But never a trail was builded yet,
That God could see it lost.

Those who lived by dreaming
And those who had no dream,
All were parts of the Pageant
And followed the self-same gleam.

Those who won were the builders
And those who yielded the fray,
And out of a Past so manifold,
Grow the trails of To-day.

Marching, marching, marching,
(Doubt it, you who can!)
Passes the ancient Pageant,
The Pageant of Beast and Man!

We, who know, are the builders
And we, who hold it to scorn,
All are parts of the Pageant
And build for the great Unborn.

—*Frances Morrison.*

ONCE upon a time so long ago that no one knows the date, long before the white man had a home in Indiana, or even the red man lived here, buffalos were to be found, and great herds of them on their way from the prairies of Illinois to the salt licks and the blue-grass regions of Kentucky, all unconsciously to themselves, began the process of road-making for us through the southwestern part of the state, and left for us what is known as the "Buffalo Trace." Had you lived on the banks of the Wabash in that far-off time, you would have seen thousands of these animals crossing and recrossing the river in the course of a year. The historian of Dubois County says that as late as 1801, there were still to be seen in his county large patches of grass greener than the rest, marking the place where the male buffalo took his mud-bath along the trace named after him. He would single out a swampy spot, fall on one of his front knees, plunge first his horns, then his head, into the wet earth and in a half-hour would excavate a hole twelve feet in diameter into which the water at once filled. Then he rolled over and over till he

had cooled himself, coming out entirely covered with the muddy mortar and making quite an uncanny sight. Hundreds of them would wait for their turn to cool themselves in this way.

The main trace made by the buffalo in Indiana went from the mouth of White River to the falls of the Ohio and over it many of the early settlers traveled into the state. It was also the route of the old stage road from Louisville to Vincennes, which was after a while dotted with the quaint taverns of which we have heard so much. This trace was further the connecting link between the Indian trail and the traces and the first roads made by the white man. So the presence of the buffalo on our state seal belongs there both by right of history and of service.

Long after the countless tread of buffalo feet had beaten this trace solid, and his horns had widened it by breaking away the obstructing boughs and bushes, another interesting sight might have met the eyes of any one able to penetrate into the unbroken wilderness with its gigantic trees and underbrush in the heart

of Indiana. Here could be seen Indians marching stealthily in single file, each stepping exactly in the footprints of the one in front of him. In this way the paths over which they passed were worn down till they were sometimes knee deep and the white man knew them as the Indian trails.

And where were these Indians going? They might have been going upon one of many errands. If they were decked out in their warpaint they were likely going to do battle with some hostile tribe; otherwise they might have been going on some friendly visit to another camp or village. They were oftenest seen on hunting expeditions, as it was by the arrow that they brought down their game. Frequently they carried messages from their chief to his children of the forest, summoning them to the council fires to hear the word of the great Manitou, to smoke the peace pipe, or to determine upon a course of action concerning the paleface or some captive.

The habitual mode of Indians marching single file is illustrated in the following incident: A Miami brave led his band in pursuit of a

marauding party. They tracked them to a marsh and here the fugitives, after walking on a tree trunk, had leaped to the soft ground, each alighting in the tracks of the first one. Feeling sure their Miami pursuers would do the same thing they cunningly sank into one of the footprints in the soft mud, an arrow with the barb pointing upward. The Miami leader did what was expected; his foot was pierced by the arrow and his followers had to carry him back to the village.

The story of all the Indian trails of Indiana can not be clearly and fully told because many of those that once existed have passed entirely from the knowledge of man. Perhaps there were hundreds, even thousands of them made as the red man traveled the forest in almost every direction. In nearly every county of Indiana, you will hear of some Indian trail that lingers on in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Some of the field maps of the early surveyors are invaluable sources for mention of trails, but many of these do not always coincide with the trails of tradition. One of the best instances of the importance that the In-

dians attached to their trails is gathered from the speech of the famous Miami chief, Little Turtle, to General Anthony Wayne at the treaty of Greenville in 1795. The Miamis held the portage between the Maumee and the Wabash Rivers, where Fort Wayne now stands. It was a very important point as it commanded the passage from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi Valley. Little Turtle did not want to give it up. He poetically referred to it as "the glorious gate" through which all the good words of our chiefs have to pass from the north to the south and the east to the west. It may be inferred from this that here was the meeting place of many trails from many directions. The trails forming "trunk lines" of Indian travel led from one Indian town to another, most of which lay north of the center of our territory on White River and the upper Wabash. Mr. J. H. B. Nowland said that the mouth of Fall Creek, where Indianapolis stands, was a meeting point of many trails that crossed White River here. One reason for this was that the bar of sand, carried out of Fall Creek, had made a good ford across the

river. One of the most frequently traveled routes came from the falls of the Ohio River. Wherever we know of Indian towns over the state, we know that trails connected those of the same tribe. We love the old names of Muncietown and Andersontown. We are told that it was over an old Indian trail going westward from Connersville, that William Conner had the goods hauled for his trading post on White River below Noblesville.

The old Sac trail from Illinois, which crossed Lake and Porter Counties in the northern part of the state is one that deserves mention. It was used so long and so many Indian depredations were connected with it that mothers long after would say to their children going in that direction, "Beware of the old Sac trail."

Another trail, probably much traveled, was one that followed the Wabash from the Fort Wayne portage to the Wea towns near Lafayette, and the memory of this trail is perpetuated by the name of "Tecumseh Trail."

The way that Indians in general looked upon their trails is well illustrated in the following quotation:

Peter Wilson, a Cayuga chief, said of the Indian trails of New York, before the historical society of that state: "You have heard of the Indian trails, and the geography of the state of New York before it was known to the pale-faces. The land of Ga-nun-no (New York) was once laced by these trails from Albany to Buffalo, trails that my people had trod for centuries—worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois that they became your own roads of travel, when my people no longer walked in them. Your highways still lie in these paths; the same lines of communication bind one part of the long house to another. My friend has told you that the Iroquois have no monuments. These highways are their monuments."

And now we come to the "trace." The buffalo "trace" spoken of at the first of this paper is distinguished from the word "trace" as it has come to be used now. The trace now usually has reference to the "white man's road"; it means a connecting road consciously made between two places, one cut out of the woods or swamps. Traces in the early times may have followed the Indian trails; for the Indians

knew the ins and outs of the forests and the best way of getting through them and where the streams were; but in their wild free life spent in hunting and roaming at will through the dense woods, they did not always care whether the way be straight or crooked, long or short. To the white man distance was a great handicap and as soon as he could he began to overcome it. Just think that if to-day you wanted to go from Franklin County to Greene County, only a few hours away, you should have to go to the Ohio River, down it, then up the Wabash over to the place. Jacob Whetzel lived in Franklin County and owned land in Greene County, and wanted to go to his new purchase and this distance is what confronted him. So he determined to avoid the round-about route by blazing a road through the forests as straight to the place as he could.

Jacob Whetzel was a pattern pioneer; he was a born and trained woodsman, an Indian fighter, a famous hunter and a brave man. He had served as a spy and a scout under St. Clair and Harrison. And now we can see how this undertaking must have appealed to his love

of daring, of work and adventure, and have been greatly to his liking. Early in the year 1818, the first thing he did was to gain permission from the Delaware chief, Anderson, who had control of the land and for whom Andersontown was named, to cut a road through from near Brookville to the bluffs of White River. In July of the same year, Jacob Whetzel and his son Cyrus, a strong youth of eighteen, with four strong axmen, making six in all, set out upon their task. Their plan was for the father and one of the axmen, Thomas Rush, to go in advance blazing the route to the nearest point on White River and then make the road back to the settlement in Franklin County, while Cyrus with the rest of the men would follow carrying axes and nine days' provisions. This company had only one exciting experience with the Indians, a band of whom had passed them during the day and given assurance of their friendship, but came back at night and were seen prowling around the camp. Cyrus and his men watched them and finally let their camp-fire burn low and

stole away. The route blazed by Jacob Whetzel ran not far from Rushville, Shelbyville and Boggstown. He came out on the White River bluffs where the town of Waverly now stands, many miles above the place which he had started to reach in Greene County; but he found White River so beautiful here that he decided to make the place his future home. He went on alone down the river, while Cyrus and the men cut the way back to Franklin County, making the famous Whetzel Trace a road wide enough for a wagon team. The work was not easy; where the timber growth was not gigantic, the swamps were deep and the men were often "mid-sides in water." They spoke of wonderful sugar trees along the creek by that name, in the unbroken wilderness. They named Honey Creek from the wild honey they found there, and they made a first-hand acquaintance with a part of central Indiana. Food finally gave out and they had to return for supplies, but they came back and finished the trace. It was a stupendous undertaking for the time in which it was done. It opened

the way for hundreds of settlers to come to the heart of Indiana and the early home-makers in the counties of Marion, Johnson, Franklin, Shelby and Morgan owed Jacob Whetzel a debt for making possible settlements as early as they were. The pioneer histories make frequent mention of the use made of Whetzel's Trace.

Next in importance to Whetzel's is the Berry Trace which led northward from the Ohio River and over part of its route followed portions of the Indiana trail from the falls. It crossed the Whetzel Trace southeast of Greenwood. A description of the Berry Trace is given in Nowland's *Reminiscences of Indianapolis.*

These old trails and traces are filled with associations of pioneer Indiana. Wherever one crosses them he can imagine the Indian, the missionary and the early settler as they passed over them in the days when the buffalo was still to be seen, and later when the taverns sprang up.

It harks back a long stretch to the "Buffalo Trace" from the Dixie and Lincoln highways

of 1916; but we find that the modern time concerns itself in the same problems of communication and road-making that Jacob Whetzel began in the wilderness of Indiana in 1818.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK HERO OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

THE HERO OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

In the same month and year, April, 1775, that Paul Revere rode on his midnight errand to arouse the minute men of Lexington and Concord against the approaching British troops, a young Virginia surveyor, George Rogers Clark, left his home near Monticello and started for the wild but beautifully forested regions of Kentucky. He was destined to become the companion and co-worker of that peerless pioneer and frontiersman, Daniel

Boone, and to write his name in large letters in the history of the great Northwest.

The territory northwest of the Ohio River and reaching to the Mississippi River belonged to the state of Virginia. As the Revolutionary War progressed Clark realized that the capture of the British military posts at Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Detroit, which were bases of action for the Indians in their attacks on the settlers of this region and of that part of Kentucky where he lived, would free the territory from the invading British foe and would go far to stop the murderous atrocities of the Indians. He returned to Virginia and laid the matter before Governor Patrick Henry and his executive council, who favored his plans. Governor Henry gave Clark the commission of lieutenant-colonel and authorized him to raise seven companies of soldiers of fifty men each. He gave him two sets of instructions —one for public use, that he should enlist men for militia service in Kentucky, which was a county of Virginia, and the other, for his private use, that he should enlist men to march against Kaskaskia.

After considerable difficulty the men were enlisted, principally from Virginia and Pennsylvania. Money was provided for the expense of the expedition and Thomas Jefferson, who had been a neighbor of Clark, and others, promised to use their influence to secure a grant of three hundred acres of land for each of Clark's men if the expedition were successful. This was not such a liberal promise as it would seem to us, for even as late as Clark's death, in 1818, the best land in Indiana was being sold by the government at Washington at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

In May, 1778, Clark, with one hundred and fifty men, went from the head waters of the Ohio River down to the place where Louisville now is situated. Here he first unfolded his actual plans to his men. Some deserted when they learned what was before them, but a number of settlers joined the company, so that one hundred and fifty-three men started down the Ohio on June twenty-fourth of that year. They landed ten miles below the mouth of the Tennessee River and marched overland one hundred and twenty miles to Kaskaskia, which

was situated on the Mississippi River, some miles south of the present location of St. Louis but on the Illinois side. Kaskaskia and the neighboring fort of Cahokia were taken by surprise, surrendering without bloodshed.

Clark's next move was to enlist the services of the French priest, Father Gibault, an able and upright man who was a power among his own people, and to send him with a few other Frenchmen to Vincennes in an attempt to win the French settlers to the American cause. This was successful and the American flag was then first raised on Indiana soil. It remained over Fort Sackville at Vincennes from July until December, when, in the absence of an American garrison, a company of British soldiers again took possession.

In January Colonel Francis Vigo brought news of the reoccupation of Vincennes by a British force under General Hamilton. Three courses were now open to Clark: he could retreat to a safer position; he could remain at Kaskaskia and risk being attacked by superior numbers from Vincennes and Detroit in the spring; or he could make an attempt to ac-

complish the seemingly impossible feat of surprising the British while they were comfortably resting in winter quarters. With characteristic swiftness of thought and daring, the twenty-six-year-old commander chose the last.

The term of enlistment of his men had expired the previous August, but through his persuasion one hundred of them reenlisted and were joined by seventy French settlers. With this band Clark started out to march the hundred and sixty miles from Kaskaskia to Vincennes. Heavy rains flooded the flat prairies, making large lakes of water and causing the streams to overflow. Progress was very difficult. Freezing weather set in and the provisions gave out. Game was scarce, owing to the floods, and about all the men had to eat was the little they could procure from the few settlers along the way.

On February fifteenth they came to the two forks of the Little Wabash, whose bottom lands were flooded. Five miles of icy water lay before them. There were no boats. They built a rude canoe and a small raft for the

baggage taken from the pack-horses, waded into the freezing water, which came to their waists and sometimes higher, and, carrying their rifles and powder horns above their heads, proceeded over the bottoms till they reached the channel of the river. They swam the horses over the channels, loaded them again, and went on to a hill, where they spent another night in this waste of water. Having had nothing to eat for two days, they were in a deplorable condition and serious situation. They set about making more canoes and had the good fortune to capture a canoe carrying Frenchmen who had been sent out from Vincennes on scout duty. The Frenchmen added to the discouragement of Clark's men by telling them that the whole country around Vincennes was under water and that it would be impossible for them to reach the fort. Clark, however, pushed on until he reached the Wabash. Fortunately, one of his men shot a deer, which provided the one hundred and seventy men with meat and put new heart into them. Nevertheless, some of the French creoles gave out and wanted to return. Other men took to the idea and

the enterprise trembled in the balance. In the company there was a tall Virginia sergeant, six feet two, on whose shoulders Clark placed his drummer boy. To the sound of his drum the men plunged again into the icy flood. There were two days more of struggle and hunger. Then they captured a canoe paddled by Indian squaws, and found in it a quarter of a buffalo and other provisions.

Now they were near enough to Vincennes and Fort Sackville to hear the morning and evening guns. They began the final march in water sometimes up to their necks. To make sure of all of his men, Clark detached Captain Bowman, his most trusty officer, and twenty men to bring up the rear, with orders to shoot the first man who tried to retreat. No one tried. Breaking the ice as they proceeded, they finally reached an elevation two miles from Vincennes, after having spent ten days without rest or fire and with only three or four scanty meals.

Clark next surrounded the fort, which covered about three acres on the river's bank and whose walls were fortified with several pieces

of artillery and swivels, and threw up a slight breastwork in front of the gate of the stockade, announcing his presence by a rifle fusillade. A British sergeant was seriously wounded and the seventy-nine well-kept, well-fed, well-drilled British soldiers began shooting away in every direction, ignorant of the exact location and strength of those attacking. The Americans kept up their rifle fire so effectively that the British were unable to use their mounted guns.

Hamilton, known as the "hair-buyer general," because he is said to have paid the Indians for the scalps of settlers, wished to make terms with Clark. The latter demanded an unconditional surrender and gave the British general one hour in which to make up his mind. During the hour a party of Indians, friendly to the British, appeared with scalps of settlers at their belts. Clark had them captured and then killed them with tomahawks in full view of the garrison. The garrison was thoroughly frightened and Hamilton surrendered. This was on February 25th, 1779. The next morning the British marched out and delivered their

arms to the Americans, and the American flag was raised for the second time on Indiana soil.

When Colonel Clark in 1781 visited Virginia to consider an expedition against the British at Detroit, he happened there when that state was invaded by the British under Benedict Arnold. He rendered important service in driving the enemy from the country. Soon after, Governor Jefferson issued him a commission as "brigadier-general of all the forces to be embodied in an expedition westward of the Ohio." It should be remembered that Clark was a Virginia officer only, and not an officer of the Continental Army. In response to a letter from Governor Jefferson, General Washington said that he always had been of the opinion that the reduction of the post of Detroit was the only certain means of giving peace and security to the western frontier, and that he would give directions to the commandant at Fort Pitt to deliver to Clark the war materials he requested and "to form such a detachment of Continental troops as he can safely spare and put them under the command of Colonel Clark." Unfortunately,

the number of men necessary to succeed against Detroit was not to be had. Twenty-five years of terrible Indian wars that followed might have been prevented if the British instigators could have been removed. However, Clark had made sure of the permanent possession by the United States of a large territory, some two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, from which later were made the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and a part of Minnesota. Virginia gave Clark eight thousand acres of land and each soldier of the "Illinois regiment" one hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in that part of Indiana later known as "Clark's grant." Clark spent his last years on this grant in his cabin near the falls of "la belle riviere," as the French called the Ohio.

A story is told, although not authenticated, that when Clark was old, crippled and in poverty, not having been able to secure settlement with the government for the money he had advanced for his campaigns, Virginia presented him with a sword. He broke the sword into pieces, exclaiming, "When Virginia wanted a

sword, I gave her mine. Now she sends me a toy. I want bread."

Two years after Indiana became a state, the man, "except for whose victories the Northwest would have been a British-Canadian colony," as Bancroft said, died. In Monument Place, in Indianapolis, there is a statue of General George Rogers Clark, representing him as having just stepped out of the icy waters on to Indiana soil. Sword in hand, he is leading his troops with that dauntless courage and that directness of action which characterized this heroic figure of the Revolution.

No story of Clark would be complete with only a passing reference to his "little antic drummer," as he calls him in his journal. When Clark surrounded the hall in Kaskaskia on that memorable Fourth of July night, 1778, he found the French dancing to the music of the drum and violin. His martial mind remembered the drum and, soon after, he heard it again, when a group of boys playing soldier marched by his headquarters. He came out and watched the boys, who were led by Pierre

Charleville* with his drum. From then Pierre played for Clark's men when they drilled. When Clark made his famous march on Vincennes, Pierre was allowed to accompany him. Pierre was fourteen years old at the time, not much larger and not so old as his drum, which had been in possession of others, but probably never had meant so much to any one before. The lad loved music and dancing and marching and was never so happy as when beating the drum. He was a constant source of entertainment to the men on their weary marches, for he would float on his drum and perform tricks for their amusement. Clark himself tells of putting the "little antic drummer" on the shoulders of the tall sergeant, and how the men, who had felt they could go no farther, responded to the call of the drum. Over a century has passed since then, but the tale of the drummer lad has lived and will live on for the children of Indiana.

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* This name and the details of the story of the drummer boy are pure tradition, but serve to "adorn a tale."

THE DRUMMER LAD

You have heard the tale of the brave Dutch lad,
Who held the dike 'gainst the sea.
The Old World told it unto the New;
But we've a tale that is just as true,
That calls to the ears of you and me.
If we listen, the Past is never dumb:
Over the years, over the years,
Rolls the beat! beat! beat! of a young lad's drum.

"We must on, my men," cried General Clark,
But they gazed on the ice and treacherous mud,
"You have come through danger from hostile bands,
To deliver Vincennes from British hands.
Will you be stayed by the last wild flood?"
They muttered dissent. "Will none of you come?"
Over the sullen, dissenting hum,
Came the beat! beat! beat! of a young lad's drum.

"Come on! Come! Come!
I am the drum!
I call to you all,
Ever to you.
I call to your love of the red, white and blue!

To your country's need
You dare not be dumb;
You shall give heed!
Come on! Come! Come!
I am the drum!
Come on! Come! Come!"

Clark lifted him high to the sergeant's shoulder;
They forgot their bodies were cold and numb,
For loud in their hearts beat the "Come! Come! Come!"
As the young lad called to the men who were older,
And marching feet followed the beat,
The "Come! Come! Come!" of the calling drum.
The peril was braved, Vincennes was saved,
To the "Come! Come! Come!" of a young lad's drum!

—*Frances Morrison,* 1915.

HOW CLARK WAS AIDED BY PIERRE GIBAULT

Priest—Patriot

THERE LANDED AT POST VINCENNES A YOUNG PRIEST

THERE landed at Post Vincennes on the Wabash in 1770 a young priest whose features revealed the daring of an explorer and the zeal of an apostle. It was Father Pierre Gibault, born at Montreal in 1737 and ordained priest in 1768. He at once started as missionary for the country of the "Illinois." He had already worked unceasingly farther west, even at our modern St. Louis; he had been prostrated by the "western fever," had been waylaid by Indians, twenty-two of his people hav-

ing been scalped, and now his love for souls had induced him to visit Vincennes.

Having revived the faith at Vincennes, Father Gibault again traversed the north and west of Indiana and Illinois midst constant danger. Thrice he was captured by Indians, escaping with his life only upon promising not to reveal their whereabouts.

Returning from a visit to Canada (1775), he reached Michilimackinac. Then, being unable to proceed to Illinois, he determined to winter at Detroit, whither he returned in a canoe, in constant peril from the ice. An inexperienced man and a boy paddled and he guided. He writes: "The suffering I have undergone has so deadened my faculties that I only half feel the chagrin at not being able to return to Illinois."

They were hard-grained timber, yet they had such tender heart fibers, those frontier priests!

Meanwhile the colonies had rebelled against England and it was now a question as to the side the Catholics northwest of the Ohio would take. Father Gibault had both the political

and religious welfare of his large mission, Indiana and Illinois, at heart. He was then at Kaskaskia, and thought it best for his people to side with the colonies.

With a ridiculously small force of about one hundred fifty poorly equipped Virginians, Clark drove the English from the strong military station at Kaskaskia. The English were constantly inciting and arming the Indians against the colonies and were a constant peril in their rear. Under the circumstances Clark's task became possible only by having the settlers on his side. Hostility of the settlers meant hostility of the Indians, and either would have meant disaster for Clark. The winning of the people was the work of Father Gibault.

When Clark entered Kaskaskia Father Gibault came to him for an interview, and Clark himself said that when Father Gibault asked whether he would give him liberty to perform his duty in his church, "I told him that I had nothing to do with churches other than to defend them from insult; that by laws of the state his religion had as great privilege as any

other." The priest returned and persuaded the people.

Clark took possession of the town without having fired a shot, even before the British commander was aware of the fact. Another version tells of Clark's entry into Kaskaskia by night, but in either case Father Gibault was instrumental in persuading the people, as he also was in the other towns taken by Clark along the Mississippi.

Gibault suggested and urged upon Clark how he might now take Vincennes without bloodshed. He furthermore furnished Clark two companies of troops and guides, all members of his congregation, and so induced Francis Vigo, a member of his mission, to aid Clark. Next to Clark and Gibault, Indiana owes most to Vigo. In order that bloodshed might be avoided Gibault himself volunteered to go to Vincennes to persuade his people as he thought best for them. Accordingly Gibault and Doctor John Baptiste Laffont, his confidential friend, being commissioned by Clark, went to Vincennes in the summer of 1778 and, in the absence of the English garrison and officials,

Gibault assembled the people, won them and himself administered the oath of allegiance to the states. The English flag was hauled down and replaced by the flag of the United States, the civil part of the mission being conducted by Doctor Laffont. After Gibault had returned to Kaskaskia from this successful patriotic mission it was resolved to move against Vincennes during the winter rather than wait for spring, when the English would be more ready. Clark, being none too confident of the outcome and fearing that Hamilton might even attack Kaskaskia, sent Gibault with public papers and money across the Mississippi. This patriot, attended by but one man, set out in January, 1779. Floating ice detained him for three days on a little island. He reached Kaskaskia from this journey in time to encourage the troops, who were about to start to capture Vincennes, by making to them a spirited speech and giving them his blessing, and thus Father Gibault helped Clark to raise the American flag over Vincennes, never to be hauled down.

The red men, now seeing that the French

and the missionaries accepted the friendship of the Virginians, concluded also to make peace with Clark. Thus the western frontier was for the time secured against most of the Indian depredations and the Northwest Territory was saved to the United States without the loss of a single man, and to Father Gibault must be given the credit for his share in the undertaking.

These patriotic services made great drains on the health and the means of Father Gibault. For America he had made himself poor and without a home, and now, broken in health in his old age, he had to part with the last comfort, his two faithful servants. It is pitiful to read his modest request to Governor St. Clair for a small lot in the village of Cahokia. He did not receive it, nor its equivalent, though the Virginia Legislature had, in 1780, by a special resolution, acknowledged the greatness of his efforts for the American cause.

Later enemies even tried to ruin his good name and accused him before the bishop. His defense is that of a strong man who has been deeply wronged. He said in part: "To all

the pains and hardships I have undergone in my different journeys to the most distant points, winter and summer, in attending to so many villages in Illinois distant from each other, in all weathers and times, so that I never slept four nights in a year in my own bed, never hesitating to start on a moment's notice, whether sick or well . . . and all with no other end in view than God's own glory and the salvation of his neighbor; how, I say can you believe such a priest, zealous to fulfil the duties of his holy ministry, how, I say, can such a one be known as a person to spread scandal or be addicted to intoxication?"

Considering all this, need we wonder that he so deeply felt the ingratitude of his country that at moments he even regretted having befriended it? He retired to Spanish possessions beyond the Mississippi, and finally settled at New Madrid, where he died, a poor man, in 1804, forsaken and forgotten.

Now is surely the time for Indiana, in her centennial year, to give due recognition to Father Gibault for his noble services in the formation of her great commonwealth.

WHAT FRANCIS VIGO DID FOR THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

FRANÇOIS VIGO

Of all the men who helped in the saving of the Northwest Territory, Francis Vigo seems to have given the most disinterested help. Of a different race, he was not like Clark and his brave band, fighting for home and country. Living in peace and plenty under the flag of his own country, he was not like the Frenchmen, who fought to throw off a foreign yoke. From a pure love of liberty and a wish to help the weaker side he crossed

the border, and threw in his lot with the Americans, well knowing the cost to him if the British won.

Francis Vigo was born in Mondovi, Island of Sardinia, in 1747. While the island belonged to Italy, it had only lately come into Italian possession from Spain, and many Spaniards lived there, so Vigo may have been of Spanish parentage, come, possibly, from that city of Vigo on Vigo Bay in the old province of Galicia, Spain. At any rate, he left home at a very early age and joined a Spanish regiment as a private soldier. With his regiment he went to Havana and from there to New Orleans, then a Spanish possession.

When about twenty-five he received an honorable discharge from the army and entered into the employ of some rich men of New Orleans in the fur business, trading on the Arkansas and its tributaries. That he, a private soldier, uneducated as far as book learning goes, should so early have won such powerful friends and so extensively engaged in business proves that he must early have shown characteristics of sagacity, courtesy and generosity

which he is known to have possessed in later years.

Vigo soon made his way up the Mississippi to St. Louis, then a small Spanish trading post near the boundary line between Spanish and British possessions. There he went into business on his own account and became the friend and business partner of Governor de Leyba.

He was successful in his dealings with the Indians, and by the time he was thirty-one years old he had amassed quite a fortune, and, known as "The Spanish Merchant," was one of the leading men of the whole region.

Then it was that he heard the great news of the capture of Fort Kaskaskia from the British on the Fourth of July of that year, 1778, by Colonel George Rogers Clark and his men of Virginia and Kentucky. The people in this region, so far away from the Atlantic, knew that a terrible struggle was going on between the colonists and the mother country of England, but the coming of Clark and his brave men brought it home to them for the first time. Vigo became interested in the American cause and went to Kaskaskia to see

Colonel Clark, and, although he was neither American nor British and under no obligation whatever to take part in the struggle, he offered to help in whatever way he could. Clark had become uneasy about Captain Helm at Vincennes, where Helm and one other of Clark's men held Fort St. Vincent after the French inhabitants, through the influence of Father Gibault, had thrown off the British rule and sworn allegiance to the American cause. Clark had had word from Helm that he was short of supplies and ammunition.

He knew that Vigo had great influence with the French people, so he asked him to take supplies to Vincennes and learn the state of affairs at that post. Vigo agreed to do this and set out with one servant, Renau by name, on December eighteenth, to cross the Illinois country, little knowing that the day before Governor Hamilton had retaken the fort for the British. When they were about six miles from Vincennes, encamped on the Embarras River, they were surprised by a band of Indians under the command of a British officer. The officer laid his hand on Vigo's shoulder, say-

ing, "You are my prisoner." Vigo indignantly replied, "Hands off! I may be your prisoner, but lay not your hands upon me." They took from him his horse, saddle-bags, arms, clothing and money, worth in all about five hundred dollars, and led him off, a prisoner, to Fort Sackville, as the English called Fort St. Vincent. It is said that on the way with his captors Vigo remembered that he had a letter from Colonel Clark to Captain Helm, which, if discovered, would bring upon him the penalty of a spy, which we all know is death. As he was being ferried across the river he thought he would throw it into the water, but feared detection, so he managed to chew up the paper, destroying in that way the only evidence against him.

When taken before Governor Hamilton he explained that he was a Spanish subject and claimed that, as a trader, he had a right to travel over the country supplying the Indians with goods. Hamilton, although he was suspicious, could not hold him in captivity without proof against him, requiring only that he report daily. He even offered to release Vigo

on his word of honor that he would "not do any act during the war injurious to the British interests." This promise Vigo refused to give, so he waited impatiently day after day, anxious to be off with his news to Clark. He had a wonderful memory and kept his eyes and ears open for every bit of information he could gather.

His good friend, Father Gibault, was there, and finally, after service one Sunday, this good priest marched at the head of his congregation up to the fort and demanded Vigo's release. Governor Hamilton wished to be on friendly terms with the people of the town, and when they threatened that they would sell no more supplies to the garrison, he finally yielded on condition that Vigo would "not do anything injurious to the British interests on his way to St. Louis." Vigo signed an agreement to this effect and with two companions made a swift journey down the Wabash and the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, keeping his promise faithfully all the way. Once in St. Louis, he hurriedly changed his clothes, and, without stopping for rest, returned to his

boat and made all speed to Kaskaskia, reaching that place on the evening of January the twenty-ninth.

There he laid before Clark exact information about Vincennes. That Hamilton, learning that the "rebels" had taken possession of the fort in the summer, had come with a force of British and Indians, and Captain Helm had been forced to surrender. How Vigo must have enjoyed telling Clark how that intrepid officer had trained his one gun on the gateway and, with his one gunner at hand, had stood with lighted match in readiness until he received the assurance that the surrender should be with all the honors of war.

By the time Vigo reached there, however, Hamilton had sent some of his men back to Detroit; others were out with bands of Indians to war upon the settlers as far as Kentucky, so there were only about eighty men left at the fort. Hamilton thought it would be impossible to go farther in the winter weather, but expected large reenforcements in the spring with which he intended to attack Clark at Kaskaskia.

This news determined Clark to take the desperate chance of surprising Hamilton before spring and reenforcements came. But he was out of money, and here again Vigo came to his aid. Clark and his soldiers had brought with them "Continental paper" in place of skins and silver coins, which were what the French people were accustomed to use, and they were not willing to accept this paper money in exchange for supplies until Vigo set them the example. He had a hard time to make them understand it, as they said "their commandant never made money."

Vigo had a branch store in Kaskaskia, and he and Father Gibault and other prominent men tried to keep up the value of the paper money with little success. He himself told the story of the poor Frenchmen who came to buy coffee, which was a dollar a pound. When asked what kind of payment he would make, the Frenchman replied "*douleur.*" When it is remembered that it took twenty of these Continental dollars to buy one silver dollar's worth of coffee and that the French word "*douleur*" means "grief" or "pain," the word seemed to

fit the case exactly. Especially so to Vigo, who at the close of the campaign had about twenty thousand of the *"douleurs"* for which he never received a dollar. More than this, he gathered all the money he could spare and gave it, amounting to more than eleven thousand dollars, to Clark, accepting for it drafts drawn by Clark on the financial agent of Virginia, Oliver Pollock, then at New Orleans. Vigo knew that Virginia was in distress and might not pay these drafts on demand, but such was his generous nature that he seems not to have counted the cost.

Only through this aid was Clark able to carry out his bold scheme to a successful end. After capturing the fort, Clark renamed it Fort Patrick Henry, so it might well be called the fort of many names, having changed three times within the year.

After the struggle was over Vigo became an American citizen and went to live at Vincennes. He was made a colonel and was commandant of the post, performing many services for his adopted country. It was through him that the whites had most of their dealings with

the red men, who trusted him completely and never deceived him. "Never lie to an Indian and he'll not lie to you," was the advice he gave Clark, and proved its worth by long years of use. He was one of the big men of the country, on friendly relations with William Henry Harrison and Anthony Wayne, and twice received the thanks of the president for valuable and distinguished service, through the secretary of state, General Knox.

Many stories are told of him, one of which seems very like him. Once, while riding through the country, he came upon a group of men lamenting over a settler whose house had just been burned. He listened to the story and said, Indian fashion, "Me sorry;" then, drawing twenty dollars from his pocket, gave it to the distressed man, and, getting on his horse, said, "Me sorry no more."

In later life he married a Miss Shannon, all of whose family had been killed by the Indians except two sisters and a brother. During his prosperous days he built a most elegant house in Vincennes. It had large parlors, with high ceilings, polished floors, inlaid with diamond-

shaped blocks of black walnut. These parlors were used by President William Henry Harrison while his house was being built.

He was so courteous and wise, so kindly and generous that, though he could no more than sign his last name, a noted traveler said, "He is the most distinguished person I have almost ever met." Another traveler told of his kindness: taking their party in his eight-oared boat and pressing upon them a complete outfit for striking fire as a parting gift.

So long as he was not in need he did not press his claim on the government. Twice on meeting Mr. Pollock, he presented his drafts, only to be told there was no money and advised to hold them until better times. After an illness of five years, his business had become so disarranged that he was unable to restore it and poverty came upon him. He became so hard pressed that he sold two small drafts at a discount, it is said, of eighty per cent., but still held the large one, amounting to eight thousand six hundred and sixteen dollars.

Finally, twenty years after lending the money, so great was his need that he reluct-

antly put the draft into the hands of agents for collection. Thus began the long struggle —years and years of effort by agents and lawyers and friends to get for this man his just due.

Through some cruel carelessness the draft was lost until 1833, when it was found in a dust-covered bundle of papers in the attic of the capitol at Richmond.

In 1832 the people of Terre Haute invited him to attend their Fourth of July celebration. They were well repaid by the pleasure their enthusiastic reception gave the kind old man for whom their county was named.

A few months before his death the Committee of Revolutionary Claims for Virginia passed favorably on his claim, but it was too late, and Colonel Vigo died in poverty on March 22nd, 1836. He was given a military burial with the honors of war and during the evening cannon were fired above his grave.

Would it be any wonder if he thought sometimes of how, when he was young and strong and the land of his adoption weak, he gave his strength to it? When he was rich and it was

poor he gave without stint of his means, while his pleas in his time of need were unheeded by the strong rich nation of later years.

After his death his heirs took up the struggle. Seven times committees of the House reported favorably, twice Senate committees did the same, but it was not until 1875 that the claim was paid, with interest, which brought the sum to fifty thousand dollars. In his will, made shortly after his last visit to Terre Haute, Vigo left five hundred dollars to buy a bell for the Vigo County Court-house if the money was ever paid.

A simple slab marked his grave at Vincennes, a rose trellis arched above it, until in 1909 the Francis Vigo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution unveiled a monument in its stead.

The following poem was inspired by the account of Vigo's life and his present to the city of Terre Haute, where the school children say when it is time to go to school, "There goes Vigo." Under the bell is the inscription:

"By His Will $500 of the Cost of this

BELL WERE PRESENTED BY FRANCIS VIGO TO VIGO COUNTY, INDIANA, A. D. 1887."

"OLD VIGO"

"What is the story ye tell,
Old Vigo, Old Vigo?"
"I have only the tongue of a bell,
But ye know, ye know!
Look into the past if you can,
Long ago, long ago,
And know the heart of man.
Ye know! ye know!
Who planted the fruitful seed
That gave me unto your need,
Old Vigo, Old Vigo!"

"Whom are ye calling all day,
Old Vigo, Old Vigo?"
"Justice ye oft drive away!
Will she know? Will she know?
For the sake of the great heart who died,
Long ago, long ago . . .
What we owed him too often denied.
Ye know! ye know!
I bid her come in! Greet her well!
Oh, heed ye the song of your bell,
Old Vigo, Old Vigo!"

—By *Frances Morrison,* 1915.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ELM
CORYDON

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ELM

The Elm of Corydon to Indiana

I am the Elm of Corydon,
  The Hoosier Elm am I.
For more than your one hundred years
  My arms I've held on high.
And as the dreams your fathers dreamed
  Do come true, one by one,
I lift my head and call them mine,
  For you were born in Corydon.

You shall be first to forge ahead,
  First in scorn of fear;
Despise you not your heritage
  From sturdy pioneer!
I stand, the Elm of Corydon,
  Stronger than at your birth.
My arms are lifted to the sky,
  My roots are deep in Hoosier earth.
Indianapolis. *Frances Morrison.*

HERE in Corydon we do not always speak of our dear old tree as "The Constitutional Elm." Sometimes we call it the "Hoosier Elm," and there is a Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution here by that name. But this is how our elm got the name that gives every person in the state a claim upon it.

One warm sunny day, the tenth of June, in 1816, when Indiana Territory was making ready to add the nineteenth star to the flag of our nation, a number of sturdy pioneers met under our elm tree. They had come, many of them, from miles away, over rough roads, through dense forests full of wild beasts and where lurking Indians were likely to spring

upon them at any minute. Behind them they had left their cabin in the clearing to the care of the wife or mother, who was at all times a capable and ready helper.

The purpose of the meeting that brought these men together was to draft a constitution for a new state and form plans for its government. The year before the settlers of Indiana, finding that they had the required number of white inhabitants within the territory, petitioned Congress to order an election for representatives to form a state government. Next year the privilege was granted, and in June the elected commission met to form a constitution. The grateful shade of a spreading elm tree on that warm June morning seemed very inviting to the pioneer legislators, and upon the invitation of one of their number, Daniel C. Lane, afterward state treasurer and in whose yard the tree stood, they at once gathered beneath its branches.

After twenty days of deliberation and discussion these pioneers formed and adopted the constitution of Indiana. Mr. John B. Dillon

greatly praises them for the work they did and says that they were men of common sense and patriotism; that they were familiar with the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Congressional Ordinance of 1787, and that the knowledge they brought to their task lightened the burden of the work. So this is why the people of Indiana call our tree the "Constitutional Elm" and think of the spot over which it stands as historic ground.

No one knows the age of our elm. When the Constitutional Convention met under it a hundred years ago it must then have been a century old, and now as it stands in its majesty and beauty, its branches reach out one hundred and twenty-five feet from tip to tip, and its topmost boughs tower to a height of sixty feet. It is estimated that five thousand persons standing can be sheltered under it. As one looks upon it and ponders over the changes that have taken place in Indiana since the framers of our constitution met in its shade on that June day a hundred years ago, and thinks of the place that Indiana now occupies

in the sisterhood of states in our Union, he marvels at the great number of people who have come and gone in the vicinity of this venerable tree, till it almost seems endowed with wisdom and he wishes it could speak, that it might tell some of the things that every one wishes to know this Centennial year; he also pictures the primitive forest in which this tree with its companions as stately as itself grew through the long silence before the white man dared to cross the Ohio from the wilderness of Kentucky.

The children of Indiana are no less proud of their Constitutional Elm than are children of Massachusetts of their Washington Elm, under which Washington took command of the American army in 1775, not quite half a century before the meeting that gave our tree its name. Out of love for our Constitutional Elm there are many elm groves being planted in Indiana this year as special celebration of the anniversary of our tree and a memorial to it.

At the Centennial celebration in Corydon—June 1, 2, 3—a part of the exercises was held

under that "Old Elm," and there was also another elm tree named the "Centennial Elm," planted in the grounds near the old State House.

Harrison County, the home of our elm, was formed nine years before this time, out of a tract of land that had been sold by Governor Harrison and named for him, and while our town does not bear his name, he christened it "Corydon." The town had been laid out, but not named. One night Governor Harrison was passing through, as he often did, to the government office at Jeffersonville, and was the guest of his friend, Edward Smith. The daughter of the host, Miss Jennie Smith, was a sweet singer and had an old song-book, *The Missouri Harmony,* the only song-book in use at the time, from which she sang to her father's guests. Governor Harrison asked Miss Jennie to sing his favorite (the lament for the death of the young shepherd), *Corydon.* When she had finished Governor Harrison said, "Why not call your town 'Corydon'?" and that name has been borne by it ever since. The following is a verse from the song:

"What sorrowful sounds do I hear,
Move slowly along in the gale:
How solemn they fall on my ear
As softly they pass through the vale.
Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er.
Now lonely he sleeps in the clay,
His cheeks bloom with roses no more,
Since death called his spirit away."

No less famous than the Elm of Corydon is its old capitol building. It is made of limestone and is two stories high, and though it has stood over a century, it looks as if it had a lease on life for two or three centuries to come. It has changed little in appearance outwardly, except the iron scales originally placed over it to symbolize justice have given way to a bell which calls the people to the administration of the justice symbolized by the scales. There is also on the outside a stairway that was not originally there. Upon going inside there are more marked changes. The second floor has been made into several rooms, and the two old fireplaces, one on the north and the other on the south side, which added so much toward the cheer and sociability of the early time, have

been closed. Visitors usually stop at the first floor where the House of Representatives met, the Senate meeting up-stairs. When the legislature was not in session the upper rooms were occupied by the supreme, district and county courts.

In speaking of this old building and the legislators who met here, a descendant of one of the founders of Corydon says: "The state legislature at Corydon brought together many bright and eloquent men who met not only to make the laws but to enjoy the social pleasures of the capital. The supreme court meeting here tried many cases and brought up matters for general discussion. The arguments were generally oral and the lawyers who took part in them from different parts of the state are still remembered for their ability. Many of them were college graduates."

Another place of interest is the old stone Capitol Hotel, still standing on the New Albany pike one mile east of the town. This is the place where the members of the Constitutional Convention and subsequent legislators "put up." The building had been erected seven years before the state was made. It was a dis-

tinguished place with its genial landlord who provided entertainment for his guests and pasturage for their horses. Near by was the spring-house through which cool and refreshing water constantly flowed. There was an air of gaiety about this old hotel in its best days, and one could meet in it people from all parts of the state and country. Here the "belle" and the "gallant" engaged in the stately minuet and the story-teller held his spell over those listening to his recitals of romance or adventure. The singer was also cordially welcomed. The social life was largely colored with southern traditions and manners and it was by no means "bare or ungentle." People made visits, gave parties, read books, danced, had pleasant conversations with their friends just as they do now and perhaps, being freer from other distractions, received more pleasure therefrom.

The following entry in the journal of Miss Hariet Brandon, who came to Corydon in 1816, is of interest:

"In 1816 my father (Armstrong Brandon) moved from Ohio. We traveled by land to

Cincinnati and there, with Mr. Lodge's family, embarked in a small flatboat called a family boat.

"From Cincinnati we reached Corydon in the fall. Corydon consisted of a few buildings including the Court House in which the legislature met. . . . Enough trees had been felled to give room for the few buildings to be put up. All the rest was covered with forest trees; still the little village in the woods was very gay and there were in the legislature a set of very fine-looking men. . . . Ladies were very scarce, and though I was only nine, I was often chosen as a partner in the dance for want of older ones.

"Two years after we moved to Corydon, in 1818, we made a visit to our friends in Ohio. We went from Corydon to Jeffersonville. . . . The boats that used to go up the Ohio were called barges and were propelled by oars and sometimes by sails when the wind was favorable. The time taken to go from Louisville averaged two weeks. As yet there was not a steamboat in all the western waters."

The following is a description of Miss Har-

iet Brandon written in a letter by a member of the Merrill family:

"I have just seen the beautiful Hariet Brandon, and you will like to hear how she was dressed. She wore a frock of white sprig-mull short in the skirt with short puffs for sleeves and long silk gloves to her shoulders. Her stockings were white with clocks, and she wore black slippers with black ribbons crossed back and forth around her ankles. Her dress was covered by a pelisse of bottle-green satin, lined with rose-colored satin. She carried a gray fur muff as big as a barrel with a long boa to match around her neck. Her scoop hat was sky-blue satin with three white feathers standing up on top of it. Is not this a pretty costume, when one thinks of it as worn by a beautiful girl with soft brown eyes and entrancing dimples? Certainly it makes a charming picture."

And this is the young girl who came to Corydon in 1818 and grew to womanhood there and in 1825 was married to Samuel Judah, a brilliant lawyer of Vincennes.

These evidences of the social life in the old capital of our state add greatly to our notion of the varying forces at work when Indiana was young.

THE PIONEERS OF INDIANA

THE PIONEERS CAME IN ALL MANNER OF WAYS

THE pioneers, who came to Indiana to conquer a wilderness and found a state, were not the first people on the soil. When they came, the Mound Builders had long been shrouded in the mist of time. The Indian had claimed the land as his own hunting-ground and had no further care. The *Coureur de Bois,* or wood ranger, thought nothing of a fixed abiding place; the fur-trader came and went to barter, and the missionary did not hope to own more than a place to lay his head. The

French who had gathered about the post at Vincennes lived in the quaint manner of their native land; but they did not show the courageous spirit of the sturdy pioneers who said good-by to home and friends in Virginia and Kentucky, in Carolina and Pennsylvania and Ohio, or even in New England and over the sea, and came to brave dangers from wild beasts and hostile Indians. In the veins of many of these pioneers coursed the blood of those that had made us a nation in '76. Here the spirit of the Roundhead and the Cavalier met to undertake the task of clearing forests, of cutting traces and roads, of draining swamps, building houses, and planting the church and the school for their children. Many of them also came to avoid the evils of slavery in the section in which they lived. These were great undertakings, and only the brave and the strong got through.

Nature seemed to befriend them by providing plenty of game in the forests and fish in the streams. In the spring and the fall clouds of geese and ducks and pigeons passed over. Turkeys were abundant. For fruit there were

wild plums, the crab-apple, wild gooseberries, wild raspberries and blackberries, besides nuts of many kinds. The question of food was not so great as how to stand the danger and the loneliness, and the sickness which was likely to attack them.

The first settlements in the state were made along the Wabash and Ohio Rivers, while the middle and northern portions were still occupied by the Indians, mostly the Miami and Delaware tribes. The Vincennes settlement was first in point of time, though the exact dates are still matters of question. In 1796 John and James Defour came to the banks of the Ohio where the town of Vevay now stands to cultivate the vine, and found a colony like the one they left in canton Vaud in Switzerland. They bought two thousand five hundred and sixty acres from Congress, named the town Vevay and the county Switzerland. Their families, however, did not come till later. Aurora, Rising Sun, Lawrenceburg, Brookville and Richmond were also early settlements. In the year that Indiana became a state the land office at Vincennes sold fifteen hundred tracts,

and in similar offices opened at Brookville, Crawfordsville and Jeffersonville a remarkable business was done.

The pioneers came in all manner of ways. Some rode on horseback, others in two-wheeled carts or wooden-wheeled wagons drawn by oxen. Sometimes you would see a young husband with a bundle of clothing coming cheerily afoot beside his wife. Wherever the streams would float them, flatboats were greatly used for incoming settlers. The Conestoga wagon, or prairie schooner, as it was often called, seemed to be the favorite vehicle. It was drawn by four horses bedecked with bells, and made quite a gay appearance with its retinue of boys driving the cattle and the sheep and hogs. A pioneer says, "You should have seen the movers after the middle of the state was opened up for settlement. Sometimes forty wagons would pass in a day and the moving lights at night made it look like a town. People were so varied in the choice of places for the home. Some of my friends would seek the branch wherever they could find a good vein of water. Others would place their cabin on

a high hill where they could see further and claimed to have better air. One of my brothers went to the open prairie while my cousin said he could not live out of the timber."

A grandmother has left the following account of her departure from North Carolina: "I well remember our leaving Carolina in 1814. Our household goods were packed in a large blue-bedded wagon drawn by four horses with bells on their hames; for the family there was a buggy and a saddle-horse to change and ride at pleasure.

"We drove out of our lovely yard one autumn morning for the last time. The leaves were beginning to turn and rustle at our feet; as we passed down the lane all stopped and looked back. In the background were the mountains. In the thrifty young orchard every tree was bending with a crop of red apples; the cotton fields were white. My mother sat in the buggy holding her little two-year-old son. I did not understand till long afterward the depth of sorrow felt by my parents at this tearful leavetaking. . . . We were five weeks coming, and we children had a new life

in seeing rivers and mountains and towns. We were nearly a whole day climbing the Blue Ridge Mountains. In the evening we began to descend. We had traveled miles without meeting a human being or passing any habitation. At last we came to the house of Samuel Pike, an old man who lived alone. We stayed all night with him; he had killed a bear that day and we bought some of the meat for breakfast. When morning came, lo! the three dogs which were of our company to watch the wagons, had eaten it up. How well I remember the first buckeyes I ever saw; their prickly balls were lying on the rich black land of the Kanawa Valley and our aprons were soon full. . . . A new log house had been erected to receive us north of the Ohio River, and when near there we stopped at the house of a neighbor to borrow coals for kindling a fire on the new hearth."

The pioneer lost no time in building a house when the site was chosen. The ax with which he cleared the land and made logs ready for the house, and the gun with which he brought down the game for the table and protected the

family at all times, were the two things without which he could not have lived in the wilderness of early Indiana. Because these were so necessary to the pioneer, people are coming to look upon them as symbols of courage and manliness belonging to the hero frontiersmen of the state and the nation.

The following song sung at the New Harmony Centennial in 1914, shows how the present generation looks upon the pioneer father.

THE PIONEER

I

I sing to thee, O pioneer!
Whose manly strength without a fear,
And purpose firm in Heaven's sight,
Gives thee a place by crested knight,
Or feudal lord o'er countryside.
Thou art the nation's honest pride!

II

Thy symbol, O brave pioneer!
Is woodman's axe forests to clear,

And cabins raise in regions wild
For sake of fireside, wife and child
And country dear fast to upbuild.
Now with thy praise our hearts are filled!

III

O noble, noble pioneer!
We give thee honor now and here.
In this, our Middle West, a part,
Thanks come to thee from every heart,
In words of love and hope and cheer.
All hail! Our noble pioneer!

The pioneer fathers of Indiana and of the New World belong in a distinctive class; without them there would have been no Indiana, no United States, no enduring civilization. They are truly called the "Nation-builders."

The pioneer mother worked side by side with the pioneer father. In addition, her days were lengthened by the care required in rearing the family and nursing the sick through the long fevers. Her anxiety for the safety of her family was a great strain upon her. She often went through the tragedy of seeing her children carried off, or killed by the tomahawk

of the ruthless red men. When the father was called out suddenly to help protect the community from the Indians, she has been known to take her children out of the house and sleep on the leaves alongside of a large fallen tree, saying, "We are safer here: if the Indians attack us in the night they will burn or surround the cabin and take us all. Here some of us may escape." And she kept her courage and slept under the stars.

One man tells how his mother carried the baby in one arm and led him on her other side through the deep dangerous woods every morning to the far-away school, and came after him every evening. Miss Mary Hanna Krout rejoices that she has lived to do honor to the pioneer women in Montgomery, her own county. She speaks of the passing of the spinning-wheel and its replacement by the conveniences of the modern home. But she thinks these women excelled in intelligence, spirituality and an insight that was wisdom. It should be added that the pioneer mother can not be entirely explained by the symbols of the spinning-wheel or the log cabin, much

as they are to us. These were the instruments through which her mighty courage and love worked for the good of her family and community. One must also think of her in connection with the great things of the world, for she belonged in the company of the brave and the true. She had what we recognize in the Sistine Madonna, in Wagner's Pilgrims' Chorus, in the sibyls and prophets of Michael Angelo. She was spiritually related to Prometheus, to Christopher Columbus, and to Arnold von Winkelreid. Like Joan of Arc, she heard and obeyed the voices as the "vision of a better country" came to her in the wilderness.

The home education of the pioneer children made of them strong men and women. They had duties and helped to carry on the family. Their notions of life were wholesome. All cooperated, and the work of the boys and the girls was often the same. A pioneer daughter writes of the work shared in common by the boys and girls in the pioneer home. "The girls often went to mill when there were no sons to go. They helped in the care for the animals and the planting and the reaping of the grain.

The daughter also helped the mother in all the household work, which was a very great task."

Perhaps the pioneer home of which every boy and girl in Indiana knows best is one in Spencer County. The cabin of this home was not unlike many in the early time. All traces of it are gone; a schoolhouse stands in the yard near the site; a little town has grown up around it. You can stand in the yard and look into the burying-ground where the pioneer mother of this family was laid, and which is now owned and cared for by the state of Indiana. People go to the little town and look everywhere for some reminder of the early time to carry back. A man actually found in one of the ditches there a ring made of Cannel coal, with the letters T. L. carved on it. All this interest in the place is because this cabin was the home of one of the greatest men America has produced, Abraham Lincoln. Upon the hearth of this home he lay in the evenings and worked his "sums" or read by the light of the blazing fire; here after going to bed at night he thought over the things he had seen and heard during the day and made them into words of his own.

It was from this pioneer home that the young Lincoln went on a flatboat to New Orleans and first learned the evils of the slavery which he annulled in the great proclamation in 1863. One of the touching pictures of young pioneer Lincoln is the longing he had to have some sort of funeral for his mother, who was laid away without ceremony; and how, after time had elapsed, a minister was finally secured to come and preach the sermon. This young Lincoln was a dreamer; the log cabin could not bound his imagination nor satisfy his thirst for knowledge and life.

The school education of the pioneer children varied according to the locality in which they lived. Where the country was densely wooded and the homes were far apart, the children were at first taught by their parents or by a teacher who went from house to house where he often sat on one end of a long forestick in the great fireplace, while the children sat on the other and sang their "Ba-ba, be-be, bi-bit-i-bi, Bo-bo-bit-i-bi-bo, bu-bu-bit-i-bi-bo-bu," and so on. When the a, b, c's were sung they would sing the geography lesson, or the multiplica-

tion table if the pupils were far enough advanced. The earliest schools were pay schools. The teachers boarded around and often took in return for tuition such things as the patrons had for sale. Women teachers were not at first considered and only men were thought to be competent to manage boys. While some of the early teachers were ignorant, highly educated men soon came to the state. One teacher whose fame still lives on in the minds of the children of those who were his pupils, was John I. Morrison, of Salem. He started there in the early days first, a grammar-school, then a seminary and then an institute. Students came to Salem schools from north, south, east and west, including eight states. Morrison was called the "Hoosier Arnold," and some of the most distinguished men of Indiana were his pupils. One of his teachers brought to Salem her own piano and gave instruction daily to the young women, training them in the accomplishments as well as in the solid subjects.

When the log schoolhouse was built, it, too, was often the home of a real school. There were many people of the last generation who

were made ready for college within these buildings where they sat on puncheon floors, with their faces to the wall and studied or wrote in their copy-books by light admitted through greased paper. Here they studied the classics and learned by heart the myths and notes in the back of the book. On Friday afternoons they spoke before the school such pieces as *Breathes There the Man, Marco Bozzarris, Spartacus to the Gladiators,* and like selections which sowed the seeds of courage and patriotism in the minds of the smallest as well as of the largest pupils in the school. Debates were also had and were then, as they are now, a sharpener of the wits. On Saturday forenoons these speakers would go surveying with their teacher and make practical application of the higher mathematics studied.

The child in the pioneer school formed an intimate acquaintance with nature as he walked over the long wooded paths. He became familiar with the dangers that might befall him and often had his saplings picked out for climbing in case he should be attacked by some wild animal. He learned the names of the forest

trees and wild flowers; he could tell the different birds from their call and knew where to find their nests. During the day he brought cool water from the spring and passed it to his mates who drank it from a yellow gourd. At noon the boys played ball and leap-frog; the girls jumped the rope or made playhouses in the fence corners, out of pretty moss and bark. Both boys and girls played together "London Town," "Black Man," or "Wolf" and "Anthony Over." Unruly urchins would be punished by having to sit with pointed caps on their heads on a stool called "The Dunce Block." One pioneer tells of a gray boulder that was in the earth of her schoolroom floor; it was called "The Old Mare," and the teacher had some boy riding it most of the time. In the afternoon the teacher would give the word, "Say out your books," and the whole school would begin to scream out the lessons at the top of the voice. Sometimes the noise could be heard for a great distance. A very common custom in the early time was to make the teacher treat the school at Christmas or on holidays, and if he did not, he was taken to the

pond or a near-by stream and ducked till he consented. The friendships formed in the pioneer school were lasting, and the wonder is not that there were so few educational advantages in pioneer times in Indiana, but that there were so many, when one thinks of the hardships which the parents went through.

The household arts were not neglected in pioneer days. The fathers not only built the house, but as time passed, replaced the first rude furniture by other pieces that were well made and handsome. The good material, the fine lines, and the honest workmanship of the four-poster beds, sideboards, chests of drawers and tables, made out of the beautiful wood of the wild cherry and black walnut of Indiana, by the pioneer cabinet-makers of the state, are to-day prized treasures. One can see in any well-equipped department store, replicas of these pieces that have outlived later styles and are still admired for their art value. There are to-day in Rockport, Indiana, several pieces of colonial furniture made by the cabinet-maker, Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham Lincoln.

After the clearing was made, the crops

started, and more time was at their command, the pioneer mother and her daughter satisfied their artistic instinct by weaving snowballs and roses, cathedral windows and chariot wheels, lover's knots, the pine tree and the rising sun, besides other beautiful designs, in their double coverlets. There stands a cabin on the Wabash where Sarah La Tourette and her father wove hundreds of these coverlets for the people of Indiana and Illinois in the early time. The wearing linsey made by the pioneer mother was in artistic plaids, home colored; the snowy white spreads were woven in the honeycomb pattern and had deep fringe around the border. One mother raveled up a black satin dress brought from the old home, carded it with wool, spun and wove it into a beautiful cloth out of which she made her husband a dress-suit with knee breeches trimmed with silver buckles. Beautiful quilts were a pride at that time and the stitched-on tulips and flowers were inlaid with the finest quilting in feathers and shells, sometimes counting eleven stitches to the inch. It was a great occasion when one of these products of household art was brought out to adorn the

bed in which an honored guest was to sleep. The pioneer daughter worked samplers which have come down to us; she also embroidered islet patterns in her underdress while her mother darned and told of the life back in the old Virginia home or repeated snatches of some old English ballad, like *Lord Lovell,* which she had brought to the wilderness with her. As the daughter stitched and listened, these things set her to musing and brought visions of what might come to her in pioneer Indiana.

The gardens of pioneer times were often examples of good taste. They were generally made square with a walk running at right angles through the center. Along either side of the walks were beds in which grew jonquils, snowdrops, sweet grass pinks and bergamot, cinnamon roses, hollyhocks and "pinies," as they were then called. There were also beds of tansy, camomile, old man, sweet balm, mint and rue. No garden was without a lilac bush and a snowball tree in which the friendly birds nested and sang their love-songs. In the yards there were native cedar trees often trimmed in fanciful shapes like sugar loaves and steepled

houses, and there clambered up the porch eglantine and wild cucumber vines. The graceful asparagus served as much for filling the open fireplace in the summer as it did for food, and pretty red berries from the wood adorned the mantel-piece. Had you gone into one of these well-ordered pioneer homes you would have felt a sense of peace at the simplicity of the taste and have enjoyed the fragrance of the cleanliness which characterized the place.

The hospitality among the pioneers was very marked and very sincere. "'Light and come in," was the usual greeting to whoever rode to the door. People living along the road entertained the traveler who was overtaken by the dark. Taverns had a picturesque sign hanging from the door or front along the roadside. The prices were very modest. A room with fire for movers to cook by, milk for the children and hay for the horses, were twenty-five cents. If immigrants were poor, nothing was charged. If a traveler on horseback got dinner and had his horse fed it was a dime. Neighbors often "dropped in" to sit till bedtime, and there is scarcely a pioneer home which can not boast

of some noted guest. Mr. Thomas James de la Hunt tells in his history of Perry County of Lafayette's stay one night at the pioneer cabin of James Cavender in 1825; he says it is the only home in Indiana in which the noted Frenchman spent the night, though he was afterward a guest in the state. Lafayette was on his way from Nashville, Tennessee, when the boat on which he was traveling struck a ledge near Rock Island, Indiana, and almost immediately sank. Lafayette fell into the water, but fortunately he could swim and no harm was done except the loss of eight thousand dollars and his baggage. The news spread and the next morning people came for miles around to shake the hands of the man who had done so much to help America. One little boy who walked nine miles to greet the great Frenchman was prouder of it when he was grown than he was to sit in the Indiana legislature.

The festivities of the early days in Indiana were, as they are now, based on the interests of the community which then grew out of the industrial life. The neighbors helped one an-

other in the exchange of work which they made interesting by some contest in connection with it, and which ended in a feast with its attendant gaieties. Aside from weddings, the most common occasions were the log rolling, the house raising, the corn husking, and the quilting. When the work was done, the prizes awarded and the feasting was over, the younger people had what was called a "play-party." In this the games were usually accompanied with movements that approached the dance. Sometimes there was a "fiddler," but it was common for the participants to sing some ballad in unison to the movement of the game, repeating the stanza till the game came to an end. There seems to be no end to the number of songs thus used. One collector said that without effort he had gathered eighty. Among the favorites in Indiana are songs that have many variants. The ballad *Skiptumaloo* is one of this kind.

(1) "Just from Shiloh, Skiptumaloo,
Just from Shiloh, Skiptumaloo,
Just from Shiloh, Skiptumaloo,
Skiptumaloo, my darling."

(2) "I've lost my partner, what shall I do?
I've lost my partner, what shall I do?
I've lost my partner, what shall I do?
Skip to me, Lou, my darling!"

Another Indiana game song said to be very similar in tune is:

"Keep one window tidy-oh,
Keep two windows tidy-oh,
Keep three windows tidy-oh,
Jingle at the window tidy-oh!
Jingle at the window tidy-oh!"

The following is said to be like the *Virginia Reel:*

"Do ce do, to your best liking,
Do ce do, to your best liking,
Do ce do, to your best liking,
And swing your love so handy!"

Nelly Gray has always been popular and is now used in play-parties over the West. *Old Dan Tucker* was an early favorite. *Weevilly Wheat* and *Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley* are greatly used to-day.

It was common for the father and the mother

to sing snatches of the songs of the old place from which they came. A pioneer granddaughter sent the following, saying: "My grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier and taught the following to my mother:

"THE PATRIOT'S APPEAL
"(1776)

" 'Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause we may hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves every generous deed.' "

Another pioneer writes: "Napoleon Bonaparte was the hero of the day in my youth. When he was banished, it took months to get the news across the ocean and then it would travel slowly to us in the western wilds. His glory and his defeat furnished themes for the popular songs of the time, as *Louise, She Mourns by the Isle of St. Helena,* and *The Billows.*"

The pioneers were a self-governing people and united for protection against the Indians.

They were so busy with their work that they left the making of the laws with the men elected for the purpose. A question that ran high was that of slavery. One would hardly believe that there was a strong fight about slavery on the soil of our free Indiana, the place which the fathers dedicated to freedom in 1787; but history will tell you that when the lawmakers met to make the constitution of our state, there were many slaves in Indiana, and some of its people were willing to recognize the owning of slaves and to uphold the rights of the southern owners to come to Indiana and capture the runaways from their masters.

All religious denominations flourished in Indiana from the start. After the French missionaries, the Baptists came first. One of the most familiar figures was that of the Methodist circuit-rider, who stopped as he rode by, took the family Bible from the stand, had prayers, gave a word of cheer and went on to the next place. The Quakers, by their protest for freedom, rendered an infinite service to the formation of the state. There were also Protestant

missionaries to the Indians. Like the first schools, the first churches were held in the home in the winter. In the summer the groves were used. But the church spire was soon seen pointing upward in every town in Indiana as a witness that man can not live by bread alone.

Even a slight glance at pioneer times will show that industry, religion, patriotism and education with all that belong to them were the foundation stones upon which our commonwealth was builded by the fathers who came a hundred years ago to the wilderness of Indiana.

WHAT BROUGHT ABEL LOMAX AND HIS SERVANTS TO INDIANA

"I BELIEVE THEY ARE COMING HERE"

ABEL LOMAX, a sturdy Quaker pioneer, came from North Carolina to Wayne County soon after Indiana was made a state. He founded here a home, reared a family and served in the Indiana legislature for nine years (1823 to 1832), always advocating there the high principles that had brought him from the land of slavery.

The servants, Jake and Dilce, came to Indiana some years later than their master, Abel Lomax. They did not come as pioneers, to

cut down trees, nor to build a cabin nor found a home, as their master had done. They came in obedience to a mighty love that led them to follow their young mistress, Elizabeth Lomax, at whose marriage in North Carolina they had been sent by her father, Mr. Ladd, as house servants. Jake and Dilce knew nothing of the curiosity that we have about where our ancestors came from far back; they were contented to speak of "Ole Mars" and "Ole Miss" and "the ole home in Caroliny" as the beginning and end of knowledge. Nobody knew exactly how old this couple were when they came to Wayne County, Indiana, but Dilce's white turban covered a head of silver-gray hair and her kerchief rested on bent shoulders. Jake, I am told, seemed older than Dilce from the furrows on his brow and the deep lines around his eyes.

But age is no bar to happiness, and they were surely happy, for had they not come eight hundred miles (as the old trails went) a free man and a free woman. And, incredible as it may seem, and it does seem so, they had walked all the way from North Carolina to Indiana.

No one could find out just how long it took them to make the journey, but the usual time for foot travelers was from six weeks to two months for such a distance. They were often heard to speak of walking twenty miles a day.

As to how they fared along the way was also not clear; but in bits of broken conversation now and then, they frequently referred to the berries on the bushes and the squirrels in the wood, and to the kind people who often let them ride for a little way in a cart or wagon, and of others who let them pass on, after seeing their "free papers." These papers were their safeguards by night and day, and they kept them pinned next to their hearts as they journeyed, well knowing the toil it had taken to pay for them. No passports, nowadays, ever cost what these contented souls paid for theirs. They had worked many years before they began to "buy themselves," as it is called. This means that a slave could, by his master's consent, hire out and when he had saved as much money as he would sell for, he could pay that sum to his master and receive his "free papers," showing he had bought himself.

The young Quaker, Abel Lomax, and his lovely southern wife, Elizabeth, had spent the early years of their married life on the plantation of Mr. Ladd, the father of Mrs. Lomax, in great happiness except for one thing, and that was slavery. Not that they had seen the ill effects of it in their own home, where Jake and Dilce worked unstintedly and happily in the spirit of love, with no thought of self, and without any knowledge that the master and mistress were laying aside money for them to buy themselves. Nor was there to be seen other than the patriarchal spirit of slavery in the home of Mr. Ladd.

But Abel and Elizabeth had been to the market place and had looked upon the slave mother on the auction block and heard her eloquent cries, begging some one to buy her child along with her so they would not be separated forever; they knew of the workers in the field, whose backs smarted under the lash of the slave driver's whip, and it had become a subject of conversation night and day, as they tried to see it in all its lights, each time looking upon it as a more terrible thing. And adding an

element of deeper pathos to the situation were Jake's and Dilce's growing happiness day by day and wishing for nothing they did not have.

Abel would say, "Elizabeth, this is all wrong; we can not stay here and bring up our children right, where such things exist." Elizabeth would answer, "Yes, I've come to see it as you do, Abel, and I'm ready to follow you wherever you go." Finally, one bright June Sunday, as they came out of the Quaker meeting-house, Abel said to Elizabeth, "We must take our stand to-day if we expect to live up to the best we know." Elizabeth said, "I am willing." Then, to the astonishment of their friends and the grief of Elizabeth's parents, Abel Lomax declared his intention to seek a home in the free state of Indiana. Elizabeth said, "Yes, we've talked it over many times; it's no sudden notion; I'm ready to go with Abel anywhere and to go now."

The plans for going to Indiana were soon made, but there were Jake and Dilce. What would become of them? While they had been sent as house servants by Elizabeth's father, they had not been gifts; had they been, it would

have been a simple matter to have brought them along free. Finally Elizabeth told her father that she and Abel had already started Jake and Dilce toward buying themselves and that if he would let the wages continue they would come back from Indiana and see to the making out of the free papers. The father consented and now the way seemed clear for the departure, when Dilce declared she could not see why she should not go along with Miss Elizabeth. She moaned for days, saying, "You shoahly ain't a goin' way off and leave me heah; me thet's kered fer ye all yer born days, and nussed you thoo sickness, and shooed you to sleep in my ahms, and trotted you on my knee. No, dis can't be; Dilce hab to go wid ye; shoah she do."

This was kept up till Elizabeth at last succeeded in showing Dilce how matters were, and that she could buy her freedom and then come to Indiana. So the partings were said and Abel Lomax came to Indiana with his family and lived here in the way already told at the beginning of this story.

When the time came round for the making

out of the free papers of Jake and Dilce, Abel Lomax, reluctantly leaving Elizabeth behind, rode back on horseback to North Carolina to keep his word with his faithful servants. Elizabeth's father had the papers made out when Abel reached there and Jake and Dilce were living happily in the old home, forgetful of the great desire they had so strongly expressed to go with "Miss Elizabeth" to Indiana at their parting. Abel bade them, as he thought, a final farewell and came back to Indiana, where he and Elizabeth had the satisfaction of having done the best they could under the circumstances.

Another year went by in the Indiana home, where frequent mention continued to be made of Jake and Dilce, whose names were really household words. The children would often gather around their mother's knee and ask for stories of Jake and Dilce back in the Carolina home.

One bright summer day Sarah Lomax came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Mother, mother! Come and see! There is the funniest couple coming up the lane you ever saw; each

has a bundle tied up in a rag, and I believe they are coming here."

Mrs. Lomax went to the door with Sarah, and she, too, wondered who it could be coming straight up to the gate and opening it to come in. Just then she heard a voice calling out, "Thaah she is! Bless her dear heart! Howdy-do, honey!" The voice made the appeal of the olden time and in a minute Elizabeth Lomax was grasped by the outstretched arms that had opened to hold her so often when she was a child. The meeting in Indiana brought as many tears as had the parting in North Carolina years before. Dilce turned from Elizabeth to Sarah and, looking at her steadily for a moment, said: "Honey, how youse growed! But I'd a knowed you anywhere; you looks moa like ole Mars's people wid ye blue eyes and dark hair and so straight; jes like 'em shoah!"

Upon entering the house it was more touching. Dilce saw in the cradle a sleeping child, whose pale face and quick breath told her at a glance of its sickness. Without a word she bent over it for a while and then, as if afraid to wake it, she stepped to the side of Elizabeth

and whispered, "Honey, now I know why God's been so good to Dilce to bring her to dis chile. He knowed I was needed heah."

Jake had in the meantime stood just inside the door, not knowing what to say or do. Mrs. Lomax went to the kitchen for a minute and Dilce again bent over the cradle, swaying to and fro in silence, till Mrs. Lomax beckoned to her to come out where she was, and began talking to her, saying: "Dilce, you are just as free as I am, now." Dilce said, "Chile, don't Dilce know dat? Hain't she been showin' dese free papers all de way comin' from Caroliny? Shoah Ise free!" Immediately she began to bring out the "free papers," saying to Elizabeth, "Jest look at 'em yourse'f. But you ain't goin' to leave Dilce ag'in. We come all de way from Caroliny to be wid ye." Elizabeth said, "We're glad you came." Dilce then pointed to the cradle holding the sleeping child, and said: "Dese ole ahms have been empty long time waitin' for dat chile to kere for. Now I'm heah! Ise goin' to stay."

By and by a cabin was built for Jake and Dilce in the orchard of Mrs. Lomax. Here

the old couple worked as they had always done, forgetful of self and even not knowing how much their wages came to. But the kind Quakers kept the accounts, and when enough had been saved to buy a little home of their own near by, Jake and Dilce could hardly understand what it meant to own land and a little house. They lived the rest of their days in their own home till in the fulness of years, like Baucis and Philemon, they passed away near the same time and were buried in the free soil of Indiana in land owned by themselves.

The mighty love that made these humble servants walk eight hundred miles to see the one whom they had cared for as a child and had served as a bride, and now with whom at the end of their lives they counted the highest happiness to be with, and the high principles that made Abel and Elizabeth Lomax come to the land of freedom and here live up to the highest demands made of them, are only examples of the precious heritage of spiritual wealth that Indiana carries into the new centennial year 1916.

NEW HARMONY AND ITS TWO SOCIAL EXPERIMENTS

HARMONY HALL AND CHURCH AT NEW HARMONY

I

THE story of New Harmony reads like a romance. The two successive social experiments tried there were very different, though the founder of each came into the wilderness of Indiana to carry out his ideas for the betterment of mankind.

The first colony to come was that led by George Rapp, a German peasant, who, with a hundred strong men from his community at

Harmonie, in Pennsylvania, landed on the banks of the Wabash about fifty miles above its mouth, in the year 1814. Their immediate purpose in coming was to make ready homes for the families that were to follow the next year, from the parent community. These men reached Indiana in the glad month of June when the birds were singing and the foliage was dense and green. The first night they slept under a great tree, known thereafter as the "Rapp oak." The next morning they shouldered their axes and started to fell the giant trees for the houses they had come to build.

Ten years before this, George Rapp and his community had come from Würtemburg, Germany, to America, because it was the land of the free. They were led by the same desire that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth in 1620—the desire to worship God as they saw fit. George Rapp also wanted to show how men could live and work and share the profits of their labor in brotherly love. Later when they became prosperous, in what they called their "palmy days," they cheerfully

burned the book which recorded the amount put into the society by each member upon entering, and thereafter counted all equal sharers in the profits and property.

The Rappites were not the first people to come to this region. The land near New Harmony had been surveyed by Ziba Foote in 1806; John Gresham is said to have entered land there in 1807; the Old Salt Trail crossed the Wabash just below and two years before the Rappites came, John Warrick had built the first grist mill at the "cut-off." The Wabash River had long been known as the great highway of travel into the interior of Indiana to the northeast and the southwest. Up and down this stream the French missionaries carried their message of good tidings to the Indians. The fur-traders were at home on its banks, where they bartered with the Indians, and the white man on his way to found the pioneer home had gone on this river into the wilderness. The Indian canoes were also to be seen on the Wabash at all times and the waters were said to have been stained with the blood of warring tribes. Indiana had before this

passed under the rule of three flags: first the French held sway, then the British and now the Rappites came under the American flag, which is to float as long as civilization lasts.

During the year 1814, the Rappite men had accomplished great results; they had built houses, cleared land, planted crops and made ready a cheerful prospect to greet the families arriving in the spring of 1815. They named the new home in Indiana, Harmonie, after the one they had left in Pennsylvania. Their community was indeed a model of thrift and industry. It was governed wholly by George Rapp. All members had the same religion and worshiped the same way. Music was one of the joys of the society, and a fine band playing inspiring airs preceded the workers to and from the fields every day. Each morning the watchman went through the town from midnight till three o'clock, calling out the cry to an old air, sung in a manly voice:

"Hark unto me all ye people—
Twelve o'clock sounds from the steeple:

Twelve gates bar the city of gold;
Blessed is he who enters the fold.
Twelve strikes—all's well!"

(*Translated by Mr. John Duss.*)

Many of the houses built by the Rappites have stood for a hundred years and indeed they seem to have been built for all time. If you should go to New Harmony to-day, you would likely stop at the "Tavern," known in Rappite times as "Rooming House No. 3." They called these houses by numbers, 1, 2, 3, and so on. This tavern was built in 1823, and the roof has been changed in consequence of fire, a porch has been added on the side fronting the street. The Rappite houses were approached at the side but the large rooming houses had front doors. The walls of this tavern, however, are just as they were almost a century ago, and like many of the houses of its kind in our state, it is haunted by memories of other days. The visitor here naturally turns to thinking over the Rapp and Owen times. Many noted persons from various parts

of the world have stopped here: among the most celebrated of those in Owen times were Count Bernhard, Duke of Saxe Weimar, Maximilian with his artist and taxidermist, James J. Audubon, and Sir Charles Lyell. These persons with the distinguished members of the Owen community, all appeal to the visitor's imagination, and he pictures the quaint scenes, the interesting people and most of all wonders at the delightful talk that must have been carried on where he sits at the beginning of a new century.

The products of the Rappite household industries also bear witness of sincere workmanship. They made all manner of textiles. For the woolen goods they raised the finest Merino sheep; for their linen they grew their own flax, and for their silk they cultivated their own silkworms. They made the finest weaves and secured the loveliest hues from the use of madder combined with indigo, and samples that are still to be seen from a hundred years ago, rival the latest output of present commercial manufacture.

The question is often asked why the Rapp-

ites left such prosperity in Indiana. The answer is sometimes given that it was the object of George Rapp not to have his communities too prosperous. Another answer is that his success led him to seek a better location for his manufacturing and a better access to market. From the very beginning it was a part of the Rappite plan to have something new to work for and new conditions to conquer. Any way, the Harmonie estates in Indiana were sold by George Rapp to Robert Owen, of New Lanark, Scotland, in 1825. The extent of the sale may be gathered from a few of the items on the bill of sale, which can still be seen in the New Harmony library. Among other things, mention is made of: "20,000 acres of first-rate land, 2,000 acres of highly cultivated land, 15 acres of vineyards, 35 apple orchards, peach orchards, sawmills, granaries, factory, and 700 sheep, besides a large number of other live stock."

The Rappites had schools and churches to which happy children went when they first came to Indiana; but, alas! in time there were no more children in the community; the home was not perpetuated by them because they thought

the unmarried state was a surer means of salvation. As the outcome of this belief, the new colony, Economy, which they started in Pennsylvania after they left their beautiful Harmonie on the Wabash, gradually died out and all the glorious industrial achievements and the attempt at social betterment which they started in the New World became only a memory.

No markers were placed over the graves of their dead; each newly made grave was sodded over in the night in order that there might be perfect equality; but a book was kept showing a plat of the position of each grave in the cemetery.

One little evidence of pathos at their departure from Harmonie is still to be seen in the Fretageot building made in Rappite times. Under the stairway is an inscription in chalk, "In the twenty-fourth of May, 1824, we have departed, Lord, with thy great help and goodness, in body and soul protect us."

II

After entering into the Rappite possessions and vast estates on the banks of the Wabash

in 1825, Robert Owen changed the name of Harmonie, given by the Rappites, to New Harmony. Owen was one of the most advanced men of his generation. He was fifty-four years old when he came to Indiana to work out his social ideas. For twenty-five years before this time he had been in control of the mills at New Lanark, Scotland. Here he had risen from partner to owner, working his way from the very beginning and knowing every step in the management, and during his course he had thought out and put into practise plans for helping the workmen whose wages were steadily growing less because of the introduction of machinery. He also felt pity for the children of the workers and made provision for them and gave them the rudiments of education. So well did he succeed in helping his employees and their families that New Lanark became famous and visitors from all parts of the civilized world came to visit Owen and his mills.

Robert Owen carried to New Harmony the social ideas that he had so successfully put into operation in Scotland. He started here the infant school of education, and this was twenty-

one years before the days of the great father of the kindergarten, Froebel. Owen had in New Harmony the first school in this country for the free education of boys and girls in the same classes. He gathered about him the most noted group of people to be found in this or any country at the time, and it is largely due to those who went there that New Harmony became one of the first educational and scientific centers in the United States.

Although Robert Owen, like George Rapp, started out with a common ownership in the property of the society, this basis for community life lasted only two years, and Mr. Owen went back to Scotland, only coming again to New Harmony on visits. The short life of the community as a social experiment was accounted for by the fact that those who gathered there at the first were not only strangers to one another, but were unacquainted with the great ideas for which the movement stood. They had heard of the intention given out by Owen to form a new order of cooperative society and numbers flocked to New Har-

mony without knowing the work, the time and the devotion necessary to make the experiment a success.

One of the great leaders in the Owen community was William Maclure, a Scotchman of wealth and learning who was associated with Owen in the purchase of the New Harmony estates. Mr. Maclure was also a geologist and a philanthropist who had before this time made himself known through his *Observations on the Geology of the United States,* in which was the first geological map of the country east of the Mississippi River. He was also president of the Academy of Science at Philadelphia, and when he decided to bring his school of science to New Harmony from Philadelphia he had a keel boat made for the purpose at Pittsburgh and named it *The Philanthropist,* but owing to the number of educated people on board it was afterward referred to as *The Boat Load of Knowledge,* and its appearance at New Harmony was always looked back upon as a great event in the life of the Owen community. There were,

of course, many other noted people who did not come there on the *Boat Load of Knowledge,* whose passengers sang on the way:

"Land of the West, we come to thee,
Far o'er the desert of the sea.
Home of the brave, soil of the free—
Huzza! she rises o'er the sea."

William Maclure not only carried on the system of industrial and scientific education in the Owen school, but was the father of the traveling library in Indiana. He sent out books and the *Disseminator,* a bi-monthly paper printed by the industrial school of the Owen community, and often exchanged them for the books the people had on hand. Many of his life plans for the interest of the working men were cut short, but by his will there were established one hundred and fifty libraries in Indiana and Illinois for working men.

Mr. Maclure was assisted in his school by most able and noted educators in all branches of knowledge. There were among them pupils of the great Pestalozzi, and scholars from France. The sons of Robert Owen, trained

in the best schools of Europe, were active workers in the community and three of them achieved distinction in the service they rendered this state and the country. Richard Owen was sometime professor in the State University, where one of the halls bears his name. He also had charge over the Confederate soldiers imprisoned at Camp Morton and by his kindness left such gratitude in their hearts that fifty years after they placed in the state house at Indianapolis Richard Owen's bust as a gift from the soldiers under him in 1862. David Dale Owen was a most noted geologist and made the first United States government geological survey in most of the west central states, also collecting rare specimens. Another brother, Robert Dale Owen, writer, educator and statesman, has made Indiana his debtor for all time in education and lawmaking. In recognition of his services in forming juster laws for married women in Indiana the women of the state erected a bust in his honor on the state house grounds in Indianapolis. Robert Owen's daughter, Jane Dale Owen, also came with her father to In-

diana, and her daughter, Mrs. Constance Fauntleroy Runcie, was the founder of "The Minerva," the first woman's club in the United States.

One of the noted women of the New Harmony community days was Frances Wright. She had been educated in England by Jeremy Bentham and had traveled extensively in Europe, and knew many of the most distinguished people over there, counting Lafayette among her personal friends. She held advanced views and had come to America to try an experiment at educating the slaves upon an estate which she bought for the purpose in Tennessee. She came to New Harmony during the Rappite days to study the work of that community, but, being in Philadelphia when the Maclure educators came, she was a passenger on the *Boat Load of Knowledge.* She was the first woman to lecture on the equality of woman before the law; later she helped in the editorship of the *New Harmony Gazette* and the *Free Enquirer* in New York with Robert Dale Owen.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the old his-

toric homes in New Harmony is one that dates back through both the Owen and the Rappite life. It was built in 1821 and was then known as the Rapp mansion. In the Owen days it was owned and occupied by William Maclure. He used the south side for a part of his school and the upper floor for his dormitory. In one room the *Disseminator* was printed, and the spacious drawing-room, for the use of the pupils, contained rare paintings, engravings and articles of great value. This house was burned in 1844, but the brother of William Maclure, Alexander Maclure, rebuilt it. It was left to Mrs. Thomas Say in Maclure's will, but she never returned to occupy it. It was then bought by David Dale Owen and was occupied by members of the Owen family till in 1901, when it passed into the hands of the present owner, Mrs. John Corbin, who opens its doors to all comers who seek to know more of the early New Harmony spirit which lingers in the homes there.

No account of New Harmony is complete without mention of the library with its twenty thousand volumes for a town of twelve hundred

inhabitants. This library is a heritage from the Owen and Maclure spirit, and is one of the most valuable in Indiana. Much of its completeness is owing to the generosity of Doctor Edward Murphy, who endowed it; he also endowed a lecture course which enables the people of the town to-day to hear the best music and speaking in the country almost free of cost. Doctor Murphy further gave New Harmony a park which is a delight to the children of the town.

Aside from achievements of the social experiment of New Harmony under Robert Owen and his group, brief as it then seemed, it still stands for distinctive things, among which are child training, free education, manual training, freedom in thought and religion, the equality of woman before the law and the necessity for recreation in the daily life. This last was provided for in early times by weekly social gatherings, by balls and other festivities in which many noted visitors took part.

The influence of the Rapp industry and the Owen education has lived on in the town and the old-time hospitality is still experienced by

visitors to New Harmony, this town which gave such distinction to the growth of Indiana, and which is more and more considered one of the great places of beginnings.

When the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of New Harmony came round in 1914, there was a wonderful revival of the old community spirit. It took six days to finish the celebration. The surviving relatives and members of the Rappite families at Economy, Pennsylvania, came. The people of the Owen-time descendants had a homecoming and took part in the exercises by contributing their talents to the success of the festival where all were glad together.

One of the most pleasing parts of the celebration was the School Children's Pageant on the last night, as a fitting ending to the week of enjoyment. Though it was announced as a School Children's Pageant, it resolved itself into one for the whole town; for every one there helped and the three hundred children in the schools were reenforced by nine hundred citizens, the population of the place. Thus it was a pageant in the true sense of the word.

A high-school graduate made a very grand trumpeter; the assistant librarian spoke the prologue in perfect tone and expression. Martin Golden, a retired actor of eighty years, called out the Rappite morning cry in a way that went home to every heart; the dressmaker was the real pioneer mother and performed her part with a living reality; the village blacksmith was the pioneer father; the older people of New Harmony formed a chorus lending a background for each scene. The old community days were revived and showed in the scenes what had been tried in the wilderness there a hundred years before. Guests marveled that such a performance could be put on by so small a town, and it is to be doubted if any other place of the same size could have done what New Harmony did, all because it had the background of great days and memories behind it.

The children and the grown people mixed in the scenes in a natural way; the parts of the Revolutionary soldiers and British Red Coats were taken by adults entirely. The scene of the French Missionaries was presented by both children and adults, as were also the parts of

the Indians. In the pioneer home the whole family took part. The coming of the Rappite families, the burning of the Rappite Book and the scene where Owen and Rapp met and concluded the sale of the Harmonie estates were very realistic and historic. The children had a double May-pole dance and showed the workings of the Owen school. The pageant closed with a minuet of the Owen time. The adults of New Harmony came out in the beautiful gowns a hundred years old, gowns that were taken from the old treasure chests and were now used without alteration. There were white satins, striped and plaid silks and all manner of picturesque shapes of bodice and skirt. Some of the home-comers took part in the dance, and the whole town rejoiced.

No feature that the modern writers on pageantry pronounce necessary to this mode of dramatic performance was left out of the New Harmony pageant, and the celebration there shows how the work lives on, even though many of the plans of the founders failed. Indiana is proud of New Harmony, and New Harmony takes a just pride in herself because she

took time at the close of the first centennial anniversary of her founding to look through the purple mists of a hundred years and see the past in the light of the present.

SONG SUNG AT THE CLOSE OF THE PAGEANT

A Centennial Tribute

Music by Mr. Fritz Krull

Good Father Rapp and worthy band, from far across the sea,
First made their home in Penn's fair land and thence in "Harmonie."
Here primal forests dense were felled, and happy homes sprang up,
And waving grain and garnered store till increase filled the cup.
But prosperous life could not restrain from mem'ries of the place
Where first they came to cast their lot with Freedom's new-born race;
So from their homes and fertile lands and gardens fair to see,
They back to Pennland took their way, leaving dear "Harmonie."

CHORUS—

Hail! all hail! to the fathers so true!
Their mem'ries we bless for what they dared do.
Rich thanks do we bring, glad songs do we sing
And rich homage pay, on this jubilant day,
To the fathers so true, for what they dared do,
Outlasting a century just passed away!
All honor to them on this jubilant day!

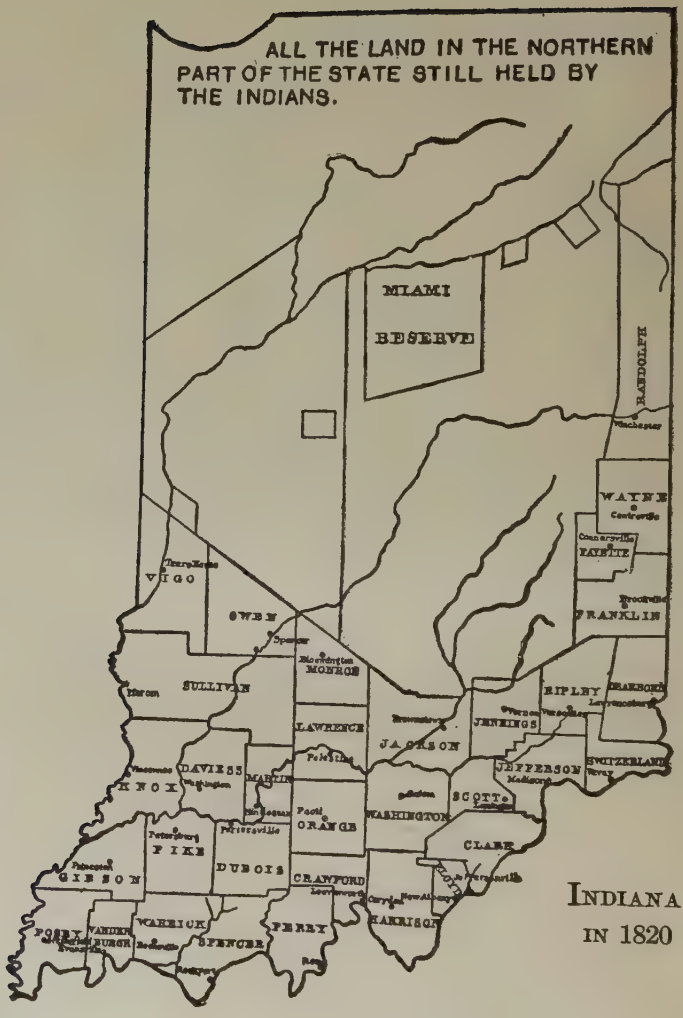
From Scotia's realm the Owen group came to fair "Harmonie,"
Where Rappite homes and fertile lands and gardens fair to see
All greeted them as fitting place to live their dreams so grand
For bettering the human race in this great Western land.
Large souls who came from ev'ry part to learn the Master's thought
Here from him gained his ideas new, and inspiration caught.
To Robert Owen and his band our debt is vast to-day
True pioneers in progress they to reach a better way.

CHORUS—

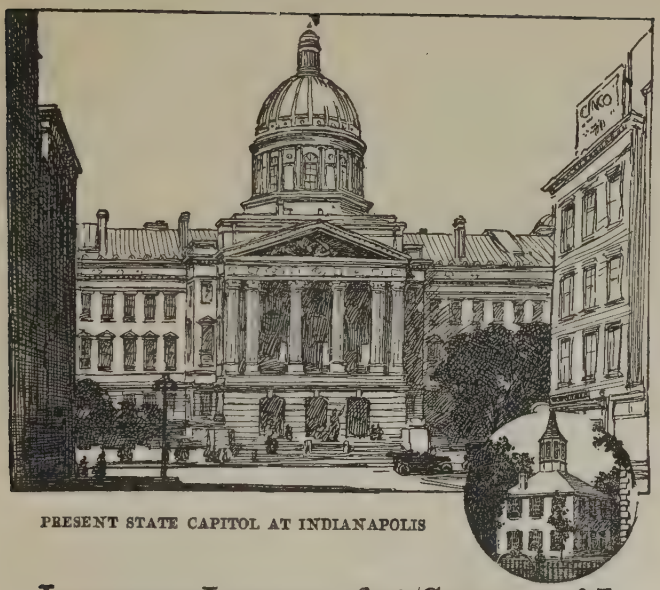
From Harmonie her founders wise have long since passed away;
But they have left a shining light in which we walk to-day,
Who meet to mark a hundred years since here they first began
Their noble effort to uplift the entire life of man.
Sacred this spot to every soul that sees with forward look
And values all the good there is in life as well as book.
Thrice sacred spot! to those who read the meaning clear and true
Of knowledge, love and will in man, that works the power to do!

CHORUS—

CHOOSING THE SITE FOR THE PRESENT CAPITAL—INDIANAPOLIS



INDIANA IN 1820



PRESENT STATE CAPITOL AT INDIANAPOLIS

JONATHAN JENNINGS, first Governor of Indiana, had been in office four years when the legislature under him in 1816 appointed a commission of ten men from ten counties to select a site for a more centrally located capital of the state. This site was to be upon the unsold land owned by the United States and was to include four sections, afterward called "the donation." The commissioners were instructed to meet at an appointed time at Conner's Prairie, on White River, below Nobles-

ville, and, after due form, proceed "to view, select and locate a site that was eligible and advantageous for a permanent seat of government in Indiana."

The old settlement, Vincennes, had naturally been made the first capital of Indiana Territory. Here the American flag had been first permanently raised over the Northwest Territory; here Clark, Gibault and Vigo, with their loyal men, had worked unselfishly for the good of the country in the West, as the forces in the East were doing at the same time. But Vincennes was on the western border and the distance was too great for the people in the eastern and southeastern part of the territory to come to the seat of government, so in 1813 it was moved to Corydon, where it remained territorial capital till 1816 and state capital till 1820. But Corydon, like Vincennes, was not to hold the high honor of having the seat of government. Though Corydon had been the center of population for some time, because most of the incoming settlers had made their homes along the Ohio, the Wabash and the White Water Valley; when the "New Pur-

chase," ceded by the Delaware Indians in 1818, was thrown open for settlement, emigration to this region set in and the center of population began to move northward to a new site which was at the time the geographical center and would soon be the center of population, and strange to say it was within one mile of the center by measurement east and west. The projection of the National Road was then in the minds of eastern people.

The people in the southern part of the state greatly protested against the removal of the capital northward, and many of the towns came forward with offers of advantages for their claim to it. Salem was particularly anxious to secure it, and Madison offered one thousand dollars for its removal there, but that was not to be.

The commission appointed for the selection of the site was made up of men of recognized ability, anxious to serve the state. Governor Jennings, though not a member of the commission, went with the party some distance and showed a lively interest in their work. He was a man of force and a great champion of

anti-slavery. Indiana will always owe him a debt for establishing in her borders the principles of freedom as set forth in the great Ordinance of 1787. One of his opponents said of Governor Jennings: "Wherever Jennings goes, he draws all men to him." We wish we had time to tell you more of the first governor of our state, and of the beautiful Anna Hays who became his wife.

John Tipton was one of the most distinguished members of the commission. He had made his record as a soldier under Harrison in 1811; he was large-minded and generous in his donations to the state, giving to Indiana the battle-ground of Tippecanoe. His name is written all over the state and his services in Indian affairs are invaluable. He also served Indiana with distinction in the United States Senate. While on the commission to select the site he had the wisdom to keep a journal, and but for this our knowledge of the working of that body would be indeed scant. Luckily for us now, the journal has been saved and can be consulted in the *Indiana Magazine of History*. His journal tells us that he and

Governor Jennings started from Corydon on May 17th, 1820, taking with them a black servant boy; they also took plenty of bacon and coffee. He speaks of buying paper and powder, which indicated that he meant to write and hunt, both of which he did, as his journal gives evidence of writing and his reference to killing a deer, evidence of hunting. He records that they missed the way and had to go back; speaks of boiling coffee beside a muddy stream; of finding a tree upon which he had carved his name seven years before in June, 1813. He says, "We traveled fast;" were joined at Vallonia by two other commissioners, Colonel Durham of Jackson County and Bartholomew of Clark, besides two unofficial persons. He mentions the "Ripple" where he refreshed himself and changed his suit and, we infer, got ready for the final meeting. The personal touches in his journal reveal the same spirit that his comrades regard him with in their statements. He refers to enjoying the hospitality at the home of a friend, and when he stayed in an Indian town he says: "Times are altered. When I

was there I was hunting the Indians with whom we now eat and drink. . . . They have sold their land for a trifle and are preparing to leave the country where they have laid their fathers and relatives, (the country) in which we are hunting for a site for the seat of the government of our state." These remarks surely show that Tipton had both imagination and sympathy. While his journal applies mainly to his party, we may believe that the other groups on their way to the same place also enjoyed themselves. It is really wonderful to think that commissioners appointed to locate a state capital should have to thread their way through dense woods, to cross swamps, ford streams, tent at night, bring down their game and travel over the old Indian trails for a road. But this they did, and at the appointed time all except William Prince, who could not come, met at Conner's Prairie. Tipton describes Conner's Prairie as consisting of about one hundred and fifty acres of White River bottom land and a number of Indian huts near the house. This trading post was known far and wide for its hospitality and

for its supply of needed goods which were carried by pack-horse all the way from Connersville, named for his brother, John Conner, a member of the commission and one of the earliest settlers, if not the first one, to come to Fayette County. The other sites to be "viewed" besides Conner's Prairie were the Fall Creek settlement where John McCormick had come shortly before and made his home on the bank of White River near where Fall Creek flows into it, and The Bluffs about twenty miles down the river, where the town of Waverly now stands. This was then known as the Whetzel Settlement, named for Jacob Whetzel, who came out here when he made the wonderful trace that bears his name and who decided to make his home on the spot. These three prospective sites were evidently visited several times by the commissioners, both in a body and in separate groups, and it is probable that the different ones gave dissent to propositions differing in opinion of their favorite site. But if this were the case they were able to meet at McCormick's cabin and agree upon the Fall Creek Settlement as a site for the

future capital of Indiana. Some of the commissioners argued that White River would some day be navigable. The story that appears in so many histories about the vote of four to five in favor of McCormick's is now denied for want of documentary evidence. After the decision was made there was a delay caused by unfinished work of the surveyor, but this was done, and the commission reported favorably upon the Fall Creek Settlement to the legislature on January 6th, 1821. The report was accepted the same day and a new commission was appointed to lay out the new capital and give it a name.

Mrs. Levering says in her book, *Historic Indiana,* "The site selected was a heavily wooded miasmatic wilderness, sixty miles from nearest civilization, and most inconvenient inland. . . . Indian trails were the only paths to the place and there were no accommodations upon arrival."

The next year the county of Marion including the new site was organized and Alexander Ralston, an able Scotchman who had assisted in the work of surveying the city of Washing-

ton, aided in laying out the new capital of Indiana. It was given the characteristics of Washington City in having the central circle from which radiate the diagonals to the bounds first given the city, but which have long since been outgrown.

In order to realize this picture, and think back a hundred years, when the fierce Miamis were to the north, you will have to forget for the moment our present prosperous capital with its towering monument, its throng of inhabitants and its free public schools to which over thirty thousand children go daily to be taught citizenship. You will also have to forget the railroads and interurbans that branch out in all directions from this city as a center, like so many spokes in a wheel, connecting it with Lake Michigan and the Ohio River north and south and with the great trunk lines east and west, joining the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, till it is now the greatest commercial inland city in the United States, and this has been done in a hundred years.

Although there was much rejoicing over the decision in favor of the Fall Creek Settlement

for the site of the future capital, the people had to wait four years before the seat of government was really here. In 1824 the treasury and the state papers were moved to Indianapolis. It took four four-horse wagons to convey them and the families of the officers over rough ways and wooded roads where trees often had to be cut to make way for the passage. Samuel Merrill was state treasurer then; he has many descendants who have written very interestingly upon the removal of the capital from Corydon to Indianapolis.

The name of the new capital was a matter of great interest to those concerned in it then. The names of "Tecumseh" and "Sumarrah" were proposed, but they did not find favor. Other recommendations were made, but the honor belongs to General Jeremiah Sullivan, of Madison, who named it Indianapolis.

THE END

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